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MISS CARNDUFF'S NEXT-OF-KIN.

A COMEDIETTA IN TWO ACTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MAXWELL'S RETURN," &c.

ACT II.

*(A year is supposed to elapse between the first and second Acts.)*SCENE I.—*Miss Carnduff's Room.*

MISS CARNDUFF is discovered in an arm-chair by the fire. By her side is a table covered with papers. SHEILA sits on a stool at her feet. A large screen stands across a corner of the room. Behind this kneels FANNY, listening attentively to all that is said in the room.

SHEILA.—Are you feeling better to-day, dear Miss Carnduff? I think you look brighter.

MISS CARNDUFF.—Better, dear? No; there will be no better for me now, Sheila. But still I feel a little easier than I have done for a long time.

SHEILA.—Well, I am glad of that. But you must not speak so despondingly of yourself. Who knows? Perhaps you may get well and live for many years longer.

MISS CARNDUFF.—No, dear; my days are numbered; and, indeed, I am not sorry, for my life has been a sad one, Sheila.

SHEILA.—And yet you have had many things to make it happy. God has given you many blessings —

MISS CARNDUFF.—Blessings! Ah, child, what were they? Money I had; but it was but a pain and a care, for I hated to spend it, and thought everyone wanted to take it from me. Property I had; but of what use was that to a lonely woman? No one loved me, no one cared for me. My own brother was angry because the estate was willed to me, whilst he was left poor. Your mother I loved with a love approaching to idolatry; but she left me—she preferred to marry and go away;—and then I shut myself up here and thought of nothing, dreamt of nothing, but saving and pinching: every penny saved was a joy to me, every penny spent was a sorrow. But what has all this done for me? Now I must die and leave everything, and those who inherit my property will rejoice at my death and —

SHEILA.—Oh, no, no!—that would be cruel!

MISS CARNDUFF.—No, dear; it is only the way of the world. Money, Sheila, is of little value after all: it gives us nothing that we

can carry away with us when we come to die; it does not give us a single friend in this world, nor a ray of hope or happiness for the next. Of what use, then, has been my wealth?

SHEILA.—Of little use, indeed, dear friend. But God is good; He will comfort you. Forget this wretched money and think of Him alone. Pray—ask Him for grace and strength —

MISS CARNDUFF (*laying her hand on SHEILA's head*).—You are a good child, Sheila, and your goodness has softened my heart, and shown me the folly of my ways. You have been a comfort and help to me during these long weary months of my illness; you have tended me with love and care and —

SHEILA.—Yes, of course, because I —

MISS CARNDUFF.—Hush, child; do not give me any reasons for your kindness. You could never guess the happiness that your love and attention has been to me. Till you came, Sheila, no one loved me, and I never loved any creature since your dear mother left me.

SHEILA.—Did you love my mother very dearly, then?

MISS CARNDUFF.—As my very life, Sheila! She married and went abroad, and when she would have returned to visit and comfort me, she was prevented by the wickedness of others.

SHEILA.—But still she loved you; and before she died she knew that she had been deceived, knew that you still cared for her as much as ever; and so she told me to come to you, and do what I could to make you love me.

MISS CARNDUFF.—And right well you have succeeded, dear child. I love you, Sheila, and at my death, when my will is read you will find that I have not forgotten you. This money that I possess has done me little good, perhaps it may help to make your life happy, and —

SHEILA.—Oh, pray do not leave me your money. Let the property go to the rightful heirs; and if you make a will, do not, oh! I beseech you, do not forget Mildred and Fanny.

FANNY (*clenching her fists*).—The hypocrite!—as if she did not stay here all these months in order that she might get her hands on the old fool's money! What a lot she cares for Mildred and Fanny, forsooth!

MISS CARNDUFF.—My dear Sheila, those girls have been but thorns in my side since they came to live under my roof. Mildred treats me with open contempt and impudence, and Fanny disgusts me with her cringing hypocrisy. No, no; do not speak to me of them! To cut them off from everything I shall make a will;—but the very thought of them angers me. For years I have fed and sheltered them, and yet they have never shown the slightest sign of anything like gratitude.

FANNY.—Good gracious! Gratitude! Oh, dear, why should we be grateful?

SHEILA.—And yet Mildred is a bright, pleasant girl, and if you

but knew her I am sure you would love her. She is not ungrateful, I assure you.

MISS CARNDUFF.—You are a good-hearted child, Sheila dear, and think everyone as good as yourself. Has Mildred been nice with you since you came here?

SHEILA (*warmly*).—Yes, indeed, she has. During your illness she was so good, running about for this thing and that, looking after me, petting and making much of me. She has been a perfect darling, and made me very fond of her.

MISS CARNDUFF.—Then she shall not be forgotten. You have spent many long, weary months by my bedside, dear, and anyone who helped to make your life happier during that miserable time deserves something good from me. And Fanny, what have you to say of her, eh?

FANNY.—Oh, the wretch! What will she say? What wicked story will she make up now, I wonder?

SHEILA (*hesitating*).—Well, Fanny—is peculiar—she has not been happy—she —

MISS CARNDUFF.—Enough, dear. Fanny is somewhat like myself; she is hard and bitter.

FANNY.—Oh, the hateful old woman!

SHEILA.—But, indeed, it is not her own fault; if she is so she —

MISS CARNDUFF.—My dear Sheila, say no more; I know Fanny better than you do, believe me. And now, dear, leave me for a little while; I have business to do. Run out and have a walk whilst it is fine: the roses have all left your cheeks since you came to Carnduff Castle, and I do not like to see you pale, dear child.

SHEILA.—But I am afraid you will be lonely. May I not stay beside you till you go to sleep?

MISS CARNDUFF.—No, no; it is nearly dark now. Go off at once, and, as you go, send Biddy and Paddy here; I want to speak to them.

SHEILA.—Very well, I will send them to you in a minute; but please don't scold the poor old souls very much.

FANNY.—How tender-hearted we are. I wish she would turn upon you, you hypocrite, and give you the scolding you deserve. Oh, if I —

MISS CARNDUFF.—Don't be afraid, dear; I'm not going to scold them; I want them to do something for me.

SHEILA.—Can't I do it?

MISS CARNDUFF.—No, no. Run off now, at once, and send them.

SHEILA (*gaily, and shaking up MISS CARNDUFF'S pillows*).—Very well, dear, I fly to do your bidding. But when you have sent the servants away, just turn round and take a little sleep—now promise.

MISS CARNDUFF.—I promise; and you need not hurry back, Sheila; stay and enjoy yourself with Mildred. Kiss me, dear.

SHEILA (*kissing her*).—Good-bye, then. Mildred and I will take a race round the park, and then go to our lessons. We have fine fun over our books, and are getting quite clever. Good-bye. (*Kisses hand at the door. Exit.*)

(MISS CARNDUFF *turns to the table, and busies herself with the papers*).

MISS CARNDUFF.—Yes, I must think of what she says: Mildred must not be left destitute. (*Writes.*)

FANNY (*peeping round the screen*).—My goodness! 'tis her will. If I had the guiding of that pen, your portion should not be much, Miss Sheila, for all your soft-hearted ideas. Oh, what I would give to stop the writing of that will! She will cut us out, impoverish us, and all for this wicked Sheila. Dear, someone is coming. (*Withdraws behind the screen*).

[*Enter BIDDY.*]

BIDDY.—Please, ma'am, Miss O'Neil said ye wanted to see me, ma'am. (*Drops a courtesy*).

MISS CARNDUFF.—Yes, Biddy, and Paddy too. I want you to do something for me.

BIDDY.—Och, sure, ma'am dear, Paddy's gone in to the fair; och, sure, he never thought ye'd be wantin' him, ma'am.

MISS CARNDUFF.—That is extremely awkward, Biddy. He had no business to go without my leave; and if he went he should have come home early. I have something here that must be signed to-day. Who can I get, Biddy? Is there no one about the place—no one who could sign my will?

BIDDY.—Oh, yes, ma'am, there's me. My writin' is not very good, but, still —

MISS CARNDUFF.—Yes, but I must have two signatures. I must —

BIDDY.—Well, I'm thinkin': Miss Fanny

FANNY (*madly*).—I'd tear it! But sign it—never.

MISS CARNDUFF.—No, no; she won't do. I could not ask her.

BIDDY.—Oh, then, if I might make bold to mention her, there's my sister Peggy, as is here spendin' the day with —

MISS CARNDUFF.—Yes, yes; she will do. Bring her up at once; she will do.

BIDDY.—Arrah, thin, she's just here (*goes to the door and calls*).
Peggy!

[*Enter PEGGY.*]

PEGGY (*making a courtesy, and very much frightened*). Good-mornin', ma'am.

MISS CARNDUFF.—Good-morning, Peggy. Can you write?

PEGGY.—Yis, ma'am.

MISS CARNDUFF.—Very well; write your name here. That is my last will and testament.

PEGGY.—Yis, ma'am; of course, ma'am. (*Writes.*)

MISS CARNDUFF.—Now, Biddy, it is your turn.

BIDDY.—Well, ma'am, afore I write may I ask one question ?

MISS CARNDUFF.—Yes, Biddy, certainly.

BIDDY.—Well, ma'am, it's this: is Miss Mildred's name mentioned in this will ?

MISS CARNDUFF.—Yes, yes; be quick and sign, girl. You should not ask impertinent questions. Go on !

BIDDY (*signing*).—I meant no impertinence, ma'am; but I'd die before I'd take a pen an' sign away the bread out of my darlin' Miss Mildred's mouth.

MISS CARNDUFF.—Enough, Biddy. You may go. [*Exeunt BIDDY and PEGGY.*] Well, now that that is done I may rest in peace; my darling is provided for, come what may. (*Puts the will into a drawer in the table, locks it, but leaves the key in the lock.*) I am glad that I have done it; it is pleasanter to think that dear Sheila, who loves me so, should have my property than my next-of-kin, for whom I care nothing, and who care still less for me. I am very glad I —— (*does off to sleep*).

FANNY.—She is asleep ! (*Comes out stealthily from behind the screen.*) The will is there in that drawer. Oh, if I could only see it ! I dare not touch it; she might wake up. And yet, why should I not slip it out for an instant ?—the old lady sleeps very soundly ! By that will she has made Sheila rich, and we—Mildred and I, the rightful heirs, her next-of-kin, have been defrauded and impoverished, left to drag on a weary existence in whatever way we can. Now, if I could lay my hands upon that will, if I could only see it, I might alter it, and she would never know. Oh, if I dared take it out. Yes, I will—I must; she shall never know—never ! (*Approaches the drawer, opens it cautiously, and draws forth the will.*) Ah, here it is ! now let me see what the wicked old miser has done. (*She opens the will, and is about to read it when MISS CARNDUFF moans in her sleep. FANNY starts.*) Good gracious ! I thought she was awake. I'll destroy this horrid thing; I'll tear it—or—ah !—what's that ? Someone is coming, I'm sure. I must be off. (*Folds up the will, and pushes it hastily into her pocket.*) [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Library at Carnduff Castle.

SHEILA is discovered sitting at a table, her head buried in her hands. She is weeping. MILDRED stands beside her with her arm round her. FANNY walks up and down with a look of triumph on her face.

MILDRED.—Do not cry, Sheila, dear; I cannot bear to see you so unhappy.

SHEILA.—It was such a shock, dear, to find her there dead, when I thought she was only asleep. Poor lonely, old woman ! And, O Mil-

dred, it has made me think of my own dear mother's death : it, too, was sudden and unexpected.

FANNY.—If I were you, Sheila, I would not be such a hypocrite. Miss Carnduff is dead ; but why should you weep for that ? She is dead and buried, hidden away from us for ever ; but I am sure no one can regret her for a moment. For my part, I think we should all rejoice. Never in her life did she do us any good ; she was a hard-hearted, miserly old creature, and therefore I think it very foolish to waste your precious tears the way you are doing, especially as there is not a single stranger here to see them. I don't believe in your sorrow for one moment —

MILDRED.—O Fanny ! how can you be so heartless ? How can you ?

FANNY (*laughing scornfully*).—Heartless ! Bah ! what do you want me to say ? Do you want me to weep and moan, like Sheila there, for an old woman who made my life miserable and —

SHEILA (*hotly*).—Yet she saved you and Mildred from the work-house, Fanny. She clothed and fed you for many years ; and if you are not sorry you might at least conceal your joy : it would be more becoming, so soon after her funeral, too.

FANNY (*contemptuously*).—What a fine preacher you would make, Sheila. But I tell you I am glad ; then why should I conceal my joy ? Her death has changed all things for me. From this day Mildred and I shall be rich : able to do as we like ; go where we like ; buy what we like —

SHEILA (*surprised*).—Why, how do you know all this ? Have you seen her will already ?

FANNY.—Will !—nonsense ! The old lady never made a will, and we —

[*Enter MRS. M'NAUGHTON.*]

MRS. M'NAUGHTON (*excitedly*).—Ah, my dear young ladies, there you are ! Do you know, I am so bewildered, and my husband is so astonished ! He cannot understand it at all, and —

FANNY.—Understand what ? Pray, be sensible—if you can.

MRS. M'NAUGHTON.—Miss Pert ! (*Aside.*) Her pride will get a fall. Well, Miss Sheila, a most extraordinary thing has happened, and it all comes of people insisting on being their own lawyers, and not sending properly for a solicitor—and serves them right say I ; but all the same, it's a pity, and so many depending on it, and —

SHEILA (*gently*).—But we do not know what you mean, dear Mrs. M'Naughton. What has happened, pray ?

MRS. M'NAUGHTON.—What has happened ? Why, my dear Miss Sheila, have I not told you a hundred times ? How difficult it is to make you understand ; but then, of course, you know nothing about law —

SHEILA.—Nothing. But if you will kindly tell us what has happened to bewilder and annoy you I may be able to help you.

MRS. M'NAUGHTON.—Perhaps you may; for I know the old lady trusted and loved you. Well, what has happened is this—now pay attention this time—the servants declare that Miss Carnduff made a will a few hours before her death. Biddy maintains that she and her sister signed it. But we have searched high and low and it is nowhere to be found.

FANNY (*decidedly*).—I am sure she never made a will. Biddy is dreaming.

SHEILA.—And I am quite certain that she did make a will. She talked about it that afternoon, and ——

FANNY.—Bah! what is talk? I am sure she never made a will; why should she? She did not care for a single creature in the world, for she had a heart made of stone; then, why should she ——

SHEILA (*hotly*).—You wrong her greatly, Fanny. She could and did love well and faithfully, and at the last her greatest wish was to do well by everyone.

FANNY (*scornfully*).—Oh, of course, you think she loved you; and you were sure a large slice of her fortune would come to you now; but you are sold, you see, after all your tender care, for there is no will and ——

MRS. M'NAUGHTON.—Apparently not; and yet Biddy is so certain that there was a will. Oh, dear, if the old lady had not been so miserly, and had employed a good solicitor to do her work—but there, it's too late now.

FANNY.—Yes, too late for that worthy man to earn his fee and bribe the old lady to leave him something—quite too late!

MRS. M'NAUGHTON.—You are insolent, Miss Barry. But it may yet be found. My husband is still searching through all the papers, and he declares that he will leave no stone unturned till he finds it; for he is quite certain that it exists.

FANNY (*aside*).—Good gracious! how obstinate they are. I must do what I can to persuade them that there was no will.

SHEILA (*thoughtfully*).—It is just possible, don't you think, that Miss Carnduff might have destroyed the will after she made it—she might ——

FANNY (*eagerly*).—Yes, yes; that is a capital idea! Her conscience may have pricked her for once, and reminded her that she was defrauding her rightful heirs.

MRS. M'NAUGHTON.—What you suggest is quite possible. Miss Carnduff may have destroyed the will before her death; if she has it will be a sad disappointment to many.

FANNY (*contemptuously*).—Yes, to Sheila there, who nursed and tended her like a daughter for the last three months, in hopes of getting the old woman to remember her in her will.

SHEILA (*indignantly*).—For shame, Fanny! How dare you say such a thing?

MILDRED.—Good gracious, Fanny! How can you?

FANNY.—Hoity-toity, Miss O'Neil! Oh, you're a nice hypocrite! But you're done, for your chances of succession are gone.

MRS. M'NAUGHTON.—Your language is most unseemly, Miss Barry. But believe me, if Miss O'Neil had such hopes, which I don't think she had—she will not be the only person disappointed.

FANNY (*laughing*).—You and your snuffy old husband!

MRS. M'NAUGHTON (*angrily*).—No, indeed, Miss Impudence; but persons who had more reason to hope for part of Miss Carnduff's fortune—friends, distant relations, cousins even, who —

FANNY.—You need not give us such a list. Miss Carnduff had no friends, Mrs. M'Naughton; her distant relations knew nothing of her, and for cousins —

MRS. M'NAUGHTON.—You and your sister Mildred are her only cousins, I think?

FANNY.—Yes, of course, we are; and, certainly, for us it is much better that there should be no will, as —

MRS. M'NAUGHTON.—You foolish creature, how can you say so? Why, do you not know that if there is no will the whole of Miss Carnduff's splendid property and fortune goes to her next-of-kin?

FANNY (*proudly and stiffly*).—Of course I do—and here they are! Mildred and I are Miss Carnduff's next-of-kin, and, in the absence of a will, this fine castle (*waving her hand grandly*) and all the surrounding estates belong to us.

SHEILA.—What! Is it possible? Why I thought—I was sure —

MRS. M'NAUGHTON.—My dear young lady, I am truly sorry for you, but you are making a grievous mistake. Had there been a will, it is just possible, nay almost certain, that Miss Carnduff should have left you and Mildred something to live on; as it is you have nothing—absolutely nothing!

FANNY (*angrily*).—That's a lie, and you know it. We are her nearest relatives. Who ever heard of any nearer, I'd like to know?

MRS. M'NAUGHTON.—Oh, everyone knows him very well, you silly, ignorant creature. Miss Carnduff's heir and next-of-kin is her brother's only son, Mr. George Carnduff.

SHEILA (*aside*).—Ah, I thought so. George will have his own, after all; thank God for that.

FANNY (*wildly*).—Mr. George Carnduff! Good gracious! is there such a person? And I, living my life in this dreary old castle, never heard of him till now—never saw him, or —

MRS. M'NAUGHTON.—No; but still he exists, and in a few days he will probably arrive to take possession and claim his property.

FANNY (*sinking into a chair*).—I have laboured, in vain! oh, why—oh, what —

MILDRED (*gently, and putting her arm round her sister*).—Don't fret,

Fanny; something will turn up for us. Sheila will help us to work for ourselves, and —

FANNY (*flinging her sister from her, and starting to her feet*).—Leave me alone! Leave me peace to think! Would you drive me mad with your talk of work! Work!—ha, ha! Good patience! to think that we should be brought to this! Oh, it is a horrible nightmare! It cannot be true! And I have done it, and now it is all no use—no use. [*Exit.*]

MILDRED (*weeping*).—O Sheila, dear, has she gone mad? What shall I do?

SHEILA.—Nothing, dear; leave her alone for awhile. She is mad for the moment with disappointment and rage; but she will soon be all right.

MRS. M'NAUGHTON.—She is a dreadful girl! I am sorry for you, Mildred, dear, for I think you deserved to get something. For your sake I hope the will may yet be found. But if not, you must come home to me, for a time, anyway. I should be truly pleased to have you, so would my husband.

MILDRED.—Thank you, dear Mrs. M'Naughton, but I am determined to work.

MRS. M'NAUGHTON (*kindly*).—Well, you are quite right, and we'll all try and get you something nice to do. (*Kisses her.*) Good-bye! Keep up your spirits, dear. I must go and look after my poor old husband; I really think I must carry him home to his dinner. Good-bye! [*Exit.*]

MILDRED.—She is a good kind soul. But I would not be dependent on anyone again, not for the whole world.

SHEILA.—That is right, darling. And after all, Milly, people are never so happy as when they are working hard.

MILDRED.—Yes, dear, I can quite believe that; and I am sure to get on; for, thanks to you, Sheila, and the lessons you have been giving me, during the last year, I shall now be able to teach small children, I think.

SHEILA.—Indeed you will, right well; and I envy the little ones get you into their nursery. But come to my room, Mildred; I have been looking over the newspaper, and I have seen an advertisement of something that might suit you.

MILDRED (*warmly*).—What a darling you are. What would have become of me without you?

SHEILA (*kissing her*).—God would have sent someone else to take care of you, dear, I am quite sure. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Corridor in Carnduff Castle.*

Doors at right, left, and top of stage. MILDRED is discovered alone, walking up and down the corridor. She carries a bedroom candle in her hand.

MILDRED.—There is no use going to bed, for I cannot sleep, I feel so strange and restless. I wonder if Sheila is asleep yet? (*Puts her candle on a chair, and going up to the door at the top of the stage knocks softly.*) Sheila, Sheila, are you in bed?

SHEILA (*opening her door*).—No, dear; I have been busy packing, and have not finished yet. Come in and have a chat.

MILDRED.—Oh, let us walk about here, Sheila; I feel as if I could not sit still.

SHEILA (*laughing*).—What an extraordinary idea! To trot up and down the dark corridor at this hour of the night. There. I will leave my door open, and I suppose we shall have light enough. But tell me, Mildred, why are you so restless?

MILDRED.—Oh, how can you ask me, Sheila? Do you not know how unhappy I am about poor Fanny?

SHEILA.—Yes, dear, of course; but —

MILDRED.—Oh, she is so wild and strange. She has not spoken to me for days. She will not eat nor drink; and Biddy says that she declares she will not leave the castle, that no one can make her leave it, and that there are reasons why she must and will remain here.

SHEILA.—Poor unhappy girl! It is very sad that she should behave so strangely. But she will go, I am sure, when the time comes, so don't be uneasy about her, dear.

MILDRED.—Yes, but where?—that is what I keep asking myself.

SHEILA.—Well, dear, I really don't know; but somehow I think Fanny is not as mad as she appears, and I am quite certain that she has arranged something for herself without telling us. She is clever enough, Mildred, and will manage to get in somewhere.

MILDRED.—I wish I could think so. But I feel so heartless, going off with you and leaving her here alone—I —

SHEILA.—Well, my dear, what can we do? We cannot remain here to receive Mr. George Carnduff, and wait till he or his agent puts us out. If Fanny is silly that is no reason why we should be the same. We must go; so that's all about it.

MILDRED.—Yes, I know; and if Fanny would only talk to me and tell me what she is going to do, I should not mind. But, oh, dear, I feel so miserable, Sheila. (*Weeps*).

SHEILA (*putting her arm round her*).—Come now, you poor child, you must not give way like this. I cannot bear to see my bright, merry Mildred so sad and unhappy.

MILDRED.—Oh, how can I help it? How can I help it?

SHEILA.—It's very hard, I know, dear, that Fanny should behave so strangely—just at this time, too; but still I think you should not take it quite so much to heart. Have you tried to speak to her this evening?

MILDRED.—Oh, yes; I have been to her room several times, but the door was locked, and she would not let me in.

SHEILA.—Well, that was not very civil, certainly. But I am sure she is fast asleep by now. If she does not intend to leave the castle to-morrow, I suppose she has not troubled herself about packing.

MILDRED.—Oh, no. She has not even looked to see if there was a trunk to be had. Biddy got an old box and put it outside her door, but she took no notice of it.

SHEILA.—Well, well, dear, she will take her own time and do what she likes. But now, Mildred, you really must go to bed; it is getting late, and we have a long journey before us to-morrow.

MILDRED.—Yes, dear, I know, and I feel quite sorry at the thoughts of leaving the old castle for ever. I have never been so miserable here as Fanny; and then I am so uncertain, so doubtful, as to how I shall get on among strangers; I shall feel quite nervous with my little pupils. Oh, dear, I'd give a good deal to escape from being a governess!

SHEILA.—Then go and live with Mrs. M'Naughton; she would be delighted to have you.

MILDRED.—No, no. I must work. I must earn my own bread.

SHEILA.—Then I am afraid you must be a governess, dear. There is so little that we poor girls can do; there are so few ways for us to earn our living except by teaching.

MILDRED (*grasping SHEILA's arm with a startled cry*).—Sheila, did you not hear something?

SHEILA (*laughing*).—You nervous old goose! No; I hear nothing.

MILDRED.—Oh, don't laugh;—listen. I hear a footstep coming along the corridor.

SHEILA.—Nonsense, child; you're dreaming. Why, Biddy has been in bed this hour, and Fanny is locked up in her room, so there is no one to come. But, good gracious! yes, I do hear a step. Why, it is Fanny!

[*Enter FANNY by door L, carrying a candle.*]

How strange she looks. (*Calls.*) Fanny!

MILDRED (*in a whisper*).—Oh, hush, Sheila! She is asleep!—Listen!—she is talking to herself!—Oh, do not startle her!

SHEILA.—Yes, I declare she is asleep. (*Aside.*) Walking about like a second Lady Macbeth. What does she say? Oh, she must have done something wrong; I am quite sure she has something painful on her mind.

FANNY (*in a low voice*).—Gone!—lost!—stolen! Oh! why should it be so? I must not tell—I must beware. (*Passes across to door L, and disappears.*)

MILDRED (*anxiously*).—Sheila, Sheila, what can be wrong? Where is she going?

SHEILA.—Hush, dear; do not be uneasy; People often walk in their sleep. Stay you here, and I will follow her quickly and quietly, and see that she comes to no harm. [*Exit by door L.*]

MILDRED (*shivering, and looking up and down the corridor*).—Oh, I feel so strange! I feel as though some terrible trouble were coming upon us, as though some dreadful thing was going on around me, something wicked that I could not stop or prevent. O Fanny, my sister, my only sister, God keep you from harm! (*Bows her head and weeps*). Oh, why did I let Sheila follow her alone down the dark, lonely stair? What a coward I am, what a weak silly fool! Ah, there you are, darling! And Fanny?

[*Enter SHEILA.*]

SHEILA (*looking excited, pushes a folded paper hurriedly into her pocket*). (*Aside.*) I must not let her see it yet; I could not tell her where I found it. (*Aloud.*) Oh, Fanny is all right.

MILDRED.—Where is she? Where did she go? I hope, I trust she has done herself no harm.

SHEILA.—Harm! Why, you are a foolish child! What harm could she do? She was only walking in her sleep. She went down the passage, up the other staircase, and back to her own room.

MILDRED.—Oh, I am thankful, for I feared —

SHEILA.—Feared what? Now, Mildred, you really must not be so foolish. Why, I declare you are trembling all over. You must go to bed, dear, or you will be quite ill in the morning.

MILDRED (*looking nervously about her*).—Oh, I dare not go to my room. I —

SHEILA (*laughing*).—Well, you are silly! The idea of getting into such a fright because Fanny is seen walking in her sleep. For shame! But come along to my room; I will not ask you to go back to your own to-night.

MILDRED.—Oh, thanks, thanks; I—but, oh!—listen! don't you hear someone calling me? Why, it is Biddy's voice, I am sure! What's the matter? O Sheila, why is she screaming so? Hark! she is calling for you now.

[*Enter BIDDY, by door R.*]

BIDDY.—Miss Sheila!—Miss Mildred! in God's name leave this place! Oh! hurry away while there's time. Fly! fly!

SHEILA.—Biddy, are you mad?

BIDDY.—Mad! oh, no. But the castle is on fire! Oh! let us leave it while we can.

SHEILA.—On fire. Are you sure?

BIDDY.—Sure? Why the whole of the west wing is in flames. No one dare go down that corridor again. Come! quick! quick! (*rushes into SHEILA's room and drags out cloaks and shawls.*)

MILDRED (*wildly*).—The west wing in flames! Oh, my poor sister! I must save Fanny! I must wake her up! [*Rushes to door R.*]

SHEILA (*catching her by the arm*).—Stop, Mildred! You must not go; it is quite useless! Ah! the smoke out there is suffocating! The fire is gaining upon us! Come, dear; there is no time to lose. Fanny has doubtless escaped by the other stair. Come with us now.

BIDDY.—Quick! quick! as you value your lives! Miss Mildred, come! You must! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Room in MR. M'NAUGHTON's house.

MR. M'NAUGHTON is discovered in an arm-chair by the fire, in his dressing-gown. MRS. M'NAUGHTON sits at the other side of the fireplace. On a table close by stands a tray with glasses and decanters. A black kettle is on the fire.

MR. M'NAUGHTON (*coughing*).—Well, my dear, you are keeping me waiting a long time for my punch, and I want it badly after my long ride. I feel dreadfully cold, I can tell you. (*Coughs again*). I'm quite sure I'm getting a bad attack. Dear, dear, this weather is something terrible.

MRS. M'NAUGHTON.—So it is, indeed! Just listen to the wind. I thought you were never coming home, Toss, and I was beginning to get very uneasy about you. Why, it's two o'clock, this blessed minute. But your punch will be ready very soon, and then you can get to your bed at once. If only this stupid kettle would boil. (*Shakes the kettle.*)

MR. M'NAUGHTON.—Yes, it's a wild night, and as I rode home through the dark I was thinking of those poor lonely girls up in that old castle. They are leaving to-day, and intend crossing to England this very night. They'll get a fine tossing, I'm quite sure.

MRS. M'NAUGHTON.—Yes, indeed, poor souls! I did all I could to make them come here and stop for awhile. But! Sheila's been putting some new-fangled ideas about independence into Mildred's head, and her whole cry is that she wants to work; just as if we wouldn't have been delighted to have her.

MR. M'NAUGHTON.—Well, now, the girl is right! And it's a pity those "new-fangled" ideas, as you call them, were not knocked into few more of our girls. Why, to see the families of girls that sit at home doing nothing, it's positively dreadful. Come in.

[*Enter PEGGY.*]

PEGGY.—Oh, please, sir, something awful has happened, an' Biddy, an' Miss Sheila, an' Miss Mildred have run up here in the dead of the night, an'—

MR. M'NAUGHTON (*jumping up out of his chair*).—What—what do you say?—left the Castle?

[*Enter SHEILA, MILDRED, and BIDDY.*]

SHEILA.—Will you take us in, pray? The castle is in flames, and we have been obliged to fly.

MR. M'NAUGHTON.—The castle in flames! Good gracious, you astonish me! How terrible!—how —

MRS. M'NAUGHTON (*kissing the girls*).—Come to the fire, dear young ladies. Oh, thank God you are safe! And how fortunate that we were up and ready to receive you. But Fanny —

SHEILA (*sadly*).—Alas, we know nothing of Fanny! We could not get near her room, and we dare not think what has become of her. We fear —

[*Enter FANNY.*]

FANNY.—Fear nothing on my account; here, I am quite safe.

MILDRED (*flinging her arms round her sister*).—Fanny! Oh, thank God!

FANNY (*kissing her affectionately*).—My poor little sister, my dear Mildred! I did not know you loved me so much. But wait, darling; I have a confession to make; and then, I fear, you will hate and despise me.

MILDRED.—Oh, no, no! Never, Fanny, never!

FANNY.—Thank you for those words, dear; they give me courage and hope. Sheila, and Mrs. M'Naughton, may I ask you to listen to me for a few moments, just as we stand, and then I will rid you of my presence for ever.

MILDRED.—Fanny!

FANNY.—Hush, dear!

MR. M'NAUGHTON.—I am all attention, Miss Barry.

FANNY.—Sheila—for it is you whom I have wronged most deeply—to you I owe this shameful confession.

SHEILA (*bowing her head*).—Yes.

FANNY.—As I stood in my room about an hour ago, seeing no possible means of escape through the flames that came nearer and nearer every moment, I seemed all at once to understand how wicked I had been, and I resolved that if I were saved I would confess all no matter what it cost me.

MR. M'NAUGHTON.—I do not understand you, Miss Barry, in the least; I ——

FANNY.—No, not yet; but you will in a moment; you will, when I tell you that I stole Miss Carnduff's will.

MR. M'NAUGHTON.—You stole the will!

MILDRED.—You? Oh, Fanny!

MRS. M'NAUGHTON.—I'm not one bit astonished, for it is just what I suspected all along.

FANNY.—Yes, I stole the will, because I knew that by it Sheila would inherit every inch of the Carnduff property. This made me angry, and ——

SHEILA (*aside*).—Oh! can that be true?

FANNY.—Believing that my sister and I were the old lady's next-of-kin, I stole it and hid it away where no one but myself could ever find it.

MR. M'NAUGHTON.—But when you found that you were wrong, and that you and your sister could never succeed, why did you not give it up then at once?

FANNY.—Partly because I did not dare to do so, partly because I hated Sheila, and could not bear to see her rich.

MR. M'NAUGHTON.—But where did you hide it?—where can I get it?

FANNY.—Quietly, please; I will tell you all in time. I hid it away, I told you, where no one but myself was ever likely to find it. Down in a dark, deserted passage of the castle I found that one of the large flags of the floor was loose; I raised this, and under it I placed the will. There it has remained ever since, and is now, probably, burned to ashes.

MR. M'NAUGHTON.—You wretched girl! Why did you not rush from your room and get it the moment you knew the castle was on fire?

FANNY.—Because I could not: the staircase leading down to the passage was burning away; the corridor near my room was blazing and crackling; and I myself must certainly have perished had it not been for the kindness and bravery of Paddy the gardener, who climbed to my room by a ladder, and saved me at the risk of his own life.

MR. M'NAUGHTON.—And so through your wickedness the will is lost for ever; and you, your sister, and Miss Sheila are thrown penniless upon the world?

FANNY.—Yes; the will is lost, and I ——

SHEILA (*drawing a paper from under her cloak, and laying it on the table before the solicitor*).—No, you are wrong: the will is not lost; here it is!

FANNY (*wildly*).—The will, Sheila! O God! (*sinks half-fainting on a chair.*)

MR. M'NAUGHTON (*examining the paper*).—Dear me! Yes, I declare, so it is; the last will and testament of Miss Carnduff, duly signed and sealed. And now, Miss Sheila, may I ask how you came to have this document in your possession?

SHEILA.—Most certainly you may ask; and Fanny's confession has made it very easy for me to make you understand all about it. You remember, Mildred, how we saw Fanny walking in her sleep down the corridor?

FANNY.—I walk in my sleep?

MILDRED.—Yes, dear, I remember.

SHEILA.—Well, I followed her, as you know. She wandered away down an old, unfrequented passage, and suddenly she stopped, lifted the end of a large stone in the floor, and groped about; then, apparently satisfied with what she found, she walked quietly away. Curious to know what it was she was looking for, I, too, raised the flag, and drew out a folded paper, which I carried off without knowing in the least what it was. I ran after Fanny to see that she came to no harm; and by the light of her candle I saw that what I had found was, indeed, Miss Carnduff's missing will.

MR. M'NAUGHTON.—This is, indeed, a strange and wonderful story.

MILDRED.—Oh, Sheila, and you never told me what you had discovered.

SHEILA.—No, dear, because I did not wish to tell you about Fanny and vex you.

MR. M'NAUGHTON.—Well, now, I think I may let you know the contents of this will, which has caused us all so much trouble. By it I find that Miss Sheila has, indeed, become a great heiress; for Miss Carnduff, my dear young lady, has left you all her landed property and —

SHEILA.—Oh, I am sorry. Why could she not have left it to her lawful heir?

MR. M'NAUGHTON (*reading*).—"To Mildred Barry, who has always treated me with impertinence and disrespect, but who is, I believe, a good, honest girl, I bequeath £5,000. To Fanny Barry, as a reward for her cringing, hypocritical attentions, I leave—nothing; and hope that she may have to work hard, and so make up for the many years that she has spent in idleness and waste of time."

FANNY (*bitterly*).—It is only what I deserve!

MILDRED (*throwing her arms round her sister*).—But, Fanny, dear, since I have so much money you must share it with me; we shall live together, and —

FANNY.—Thank you, dearest; you are truly good, and I do not deserve your kindness. But you will have little enough for yourself, Mildred dear; do not think of me. I —

SHEILA.—This property which has been left to me is a large one, I think, Mr. M'Naughton?

MR. M'NAUGHTON.—Well, compared with some it is not large; but for a young lady like yourself £6,000 a year is a goodly fortune.

SHEILA.—And is it possible for me to give some of it away—soon—now—at once —

MR. M'NAUGHTON.—Dear me, yes, of course. You can make a deed of gift, and transfer some of your property to anyone you like, once the will has been proved and you come into possession. But I would not advise you to be rash—to—

SHEILA.—No, no, I will not be rash; but I wish to make a deed of gift as soon as ever I can, and make over £5,000 to Fanny Barry for ever.

MR. M'NAUGHTON.—Dear me! That is a kindness the young lady does not deserve. Why, look how shamefully she has treated you; look how she has destroyed your property; for I am perfectly certain that it was her candle that set the castle in flames.

SHEILA (*quietly*).—Yes, I think that is quite possible; but we have no proof that it is true; and even if it were, she was asleep. I wish to give her this money, and I shall give it as soon as ever I can manage it.

FANNY (*throwing herself at SHEILA's feet*).—Oh, Sheila, how good you are! And will you forgive me for all my wickedness and —

SHEILA (*raising FANNY and kissing her*).—Most certainly I will, dear. We shall forget the past, Fanny, and begin a new and a happier life at once.

MR. M'NAUGHTON.—Dear me! this is all very touching; and I am pleased that you, young ladies, should become rich and prosperous; but I cannot but be sorry for Mr. George Carnduff. His disappointment at losing this fine property will, I fear, be very terrible.

SHEILA (*smiling*).—Oh, he will not fret much or long, I think.

MR. M'NAUGHTON.—But he is poor, and —

SHEILA.—Yes, he is poor; but only for a time. I intend to give the estate back to him.

MR. M'NAUGHTON.—Dear me! but, my dear young lady, are you mad?

SHEILA (*blushing*).—No. But nevertheless I will give him back the property very soon; for Mr. George Carnduff and I are engaged to be married—and so —

MILDRED.—Oh, Sheila, I am so glad!

FANNY.—And so the will did not make much difference after all. You would have had the property even had it been destroyed.

SHEILA (*gently*).—Yes; but you and Mildred would both have been poor. Had the will been destroyed, or had no will been made, I should not have suffered; but Mildred would never have had her £5,000, and I could not have taken my future husband's money to make it over to you.

FANNY.—And so I should have ruined my sister and myself by my wickedness, and no one else.

SHEILA.—But you must forget that now, dear, and be as happy as possible.

FANNY (*with emotion*).—God will surely bless you, Sheila, for your goodness to me. May you be always as happy as you deserve to be.

MR. M'NAUGHTON (*shaking SHEILA warmly by the hand*).—And allow me to congratulate you, too, my dear young lady, for you are to become the happy possessor of one of the finest properties and the best husbands in all Ireland.

SHEILA.—Thank you, dear friends, everyone.

MRS. M'NAUGHTON.—Well, well! all's well that ends well, say I. I am delighted at your good fortune, dear Sheila; but above all things, I rejoice, because, after all this fuss and excitement, the property will still go as it should go—to Miss Carnduff's next-of-kin.

CURTAIN.

THE FLIGHT OF THE WILD GEESE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

AS red as battle, the dead sun's light
 The spectral moon sailed through,
 With mist for a shroud, and white as she,
 With silver wings trailed mournfully,
 The Wild Geese eastward flew.
 The sad stars watched through the weeping night
 That glimmer ghostly pale,
 And the nested birds did shuddering wake,
 For a wild, wild cry of hearts that break,
 Borne on the gathering gale.

O'er many a little tarn and lough,
The lovely land's blue eyes,
They passed and the water quivered with pain,
The sapphire dimmed by a mournful strain,
In the reeds were wailing cries.
The wind a-moan made the tree-tops rock,
The blessed flowers lay dead,
The ripe fruits failed in the harvesting,
But these sailed fast on a drooping wing
And turned no more the head.

Wild Geese ! Wild Geese ! why did ye go ?
Why did ye leave her forlorn,
Your lady Erin, who many a day,
While summer was green and winter was gray,
Waxed whiter, nor ceased to mourn ?
Her sick eyes watched in the dawning's glow,
While, from the golden shore,
The sun's gem-laden argosies
Came sailing down the eastward skies,
But these returned no more.

The spring came up through meads of light,
With robes of primrose hue,
The stars were shed so thick in May
Each hedgerow shone a Milky Way,
The swallows homeward flew.
Rare ruby cups of incense bright,
The red fire at the core,
June roses swung in the garden close,
Gold Autumn came, white Winter's snows
Sped from the northern shore.

And they came not, O well-beloved !
In all the empty years,
Thine own fair heroes wandering,
No welcome beat of strong white wing
Made music in thine ears.
In Austria and France they roved
Through ways as sad as death ;
In alien paths the tired feet bled,
The laurel crowns that decked the head
Were thorn-set underneath.

Ah! Patrick Sarsfield, when you lay,
 With your life-blood flowing amain,
 You looked at the dark stain on your hand,
 And "Would it were shed for mine own dear land!"
 You cried in your spirit's pain.
 Did you long, true heart! in their alien clay
 For a mossy churchyard mound,
 With the shamrocks shrouding you close and sweet,
 From the weary head to the weary feet,
 In the blessed Irish ground?

 O

See O'Connor, Daniel.
St. Patrick's Purgatory. BY A DISCURSIVE CONTRIBUTOR.
 h. 92. Note.

I. Mrs. Sarah Atkinson.

TWO or three incidental circumstances have led me to the conclusion that some observations made on Fazio degli Uberti and his poem, the "Dittamondo," about two years ago, in the *IRISH MONTHLY*,* attracted some attention, and set more than one of our readers on a search for ampler information concerning the poet and his book. Certainly, I was not myself by any means satisfied with the meagre statements which contained nearly the sum total of what I had learned up to that date of Fazio, his family, and his literary achievements. Since then I have had better success in the field of inquiry. One thing led to another in the curious way, not uncommon, in pursuits of this kind; and, before the exploration ended, my acquaintance with certain pages of Italian literature and some chapters of Irish legendary and historic lore was considerably improved.

Comparing notes may sometimes be an interesting exercise. For my own part, I should greatly like to hear the result of other folk's rambles on this track. In the hope of inducing one or another of my unknown fellow-travellers, who may have advanced farther or succeeded better than myself to share his garnered store, I will now set down in rough order the notes I jotted on the way.

And first, as regards the family referred to. In the 13th century the Uberti were of ancient standing in Florence, occupying that part of the city called the quarter of Porta Santa Maria, "where now

* Vol. x., pp. 175, 356.

stand," says Villani, "the Piazza de' Priori and the Palazzo del Popolo." The most renowned of the race up to that date, or indeed at any time, was Farinata degli Uberti, whom Machiavelli describes as a man of exalted soul and great military talents. Moreover, he was the most eloquent orator of his day. He was the foremost chief of the Ghibellines, that is to say of the aristocratic faction in the Republic, who paid an honorary allegiance to the emperor, and carried on a constant warfare against the Guelphs or party acknowledging the Pope as their head, and claiming to be the supporters of the Church and Liberty. In the year 1250 the Guelphs acquired a complete ascendancy over their opponents, established a popular government in the city, and compelled the neighbouring republics to espouse their cause. Meanwhile the vanquished Ghibellines intrigued and conspired, but to no good purpose; for in 1258 their designs were frustrated, and all their chiefs expelled from Florence.

Farinata, in exile, maintained the ancient strife on another stage and after a different manner. He persuaded Manfred, King of the Two Sicilies, to assume the position of acknowledged leader of the Ghibelline party; obtained from that monarch a considerable body of German troops; and, placing himself at their head, marched to Siena: which city, disregarding the treaty forced on its acceptance by the Guelphs, had already welcomed the Florentine refugees within its gates. These proceedings enraged the Signoria of Florence. Reinforced by their allies, the men of war marched out with their carroccio or battle-car and took the road to Siena, determined to draw Farinata, with his Germans and the Sienese and Pisan Militia, from the city, and annihilate at one blow the forces of their enemies. An encounter took place on the 4th of September, 1260, a few miles south of Siena, on the banks of the Arbia, which stream, as readers of the *Divina Commedia* remember, on that day ran red with blood. The standard-bearer of Florence was treacherously cut down, and the army seeing the colours fall, fled on all sides leaving ten thousand dead on the field. The battle-car, and the battle-bell, and the fallen standard were carried in triumph to Siena, and consternation fell on the city seated on the Arno.

Self-exiled, the chief men of the Florentine Guelphs abandoned their dwellings, and, joined by those of Prato, Pistoia, Volterra, and San Geminiano, took refuge in Lucca, while the victorious Ghibellines, reinstated in their ancient supremacy, abolished the popular government, and set up an aristocratic *regime* in its stead.

At a diet of the Ghibellines held soon after at Empoli, the representatives of Siena and Pisa proposed, as a means of securing the advantages already acquired, that the walls of Florence should be razed to the ground and the inhabitants dispersed among the neighbouring towns: urging that the populace were ingrained democrats; that no

safety could exist for the Imperialists while the Guelph city stood within its ramparts; and so working on the passions of the assembled deputies that the merciless counsel was on the point of being adopted. But Farinata, fired with indignation and pouring out a torrent of patriotic eloquence, silenced the proposers of so ungenerous a policy. Better would it have been to die on the Arbia than live to listen to such a discussion. He loved his country better than his party, and as long as he had life to wield a sword—even though he should stand alone among the Florentines—his native city would never be destroyed. He would, with those companions whose bravery they had witnessed at the battle of Arbia, join the Guelphs and fight for them sooner than to consent to the ruin of what was most dear to him in the world. Even if it were necessary to die a thousand deaths he was ready to meet them all in the defence of Florence! “Farinata then rose, and, with angry gestures, quitted the assembly; but left such an impression on the mind of his audience that the project was instantly dropped, and the only question for the moment was, how to regain a chief of such talent and influence.”*

The Ghibellines were still supreme in Florence when Farinata died. Two years later, however, in 1266, their royal chief, Manfred, King of the Two Sicilies, was defeated and slain in the battle of Benevento by Charles of Anjou, the brother of St. Louis, to whom the championship of the Guelph party had been committed by the Pope. Immediately, the German garrison was driven out of Florence, the nobles and Ghibellines were excluded from any share in the government of the Republic, and a decree of perpetual banishment was fulminated against the Uberti and their descendants.†

Not alone on the page of history does the magnanimous Farinata appear as a striking figure. The victor on the Arbia, and the saviour of the city of his birth and love, reappears on another stage, sadly immortalized by the great poet of his nation. Dante encounters the Ghibelline chief in the city of Dis, and the meeting of these citizens of the Republic is the subject of a never-to-be-forgotten passage in Canto X. of the *Inferno*.‡ (1173)

* Napier's "Florentine History," vol. i.

† "In every amnesty their names were excepted. The site on which their house had stood was never again to be built upon, and remains the great square of Florence; the architect of the Palace of the People was obliged to sacrifice its symmetry, and to place it awry, that its walls might not encroach on the accursed ground."—Dean Church, "Dante: an Essay."

‡ Dante was born in 1265, the year after Farinata's death, and the same year in which the Guelphs regained their ascendancy on the defeat and death of Manfred. His family were of the same party, and when about twenty-four years of age he fought at the battle of Campaldino: the Uberti and other exiled Florentines being in the opposite ranks. Many years had not passed away when Dante himself became the victim of a faction in "the divided city." The sentence passed on him was exile, with the penalty of being burned alive should he return to Florence.

Traversing with Virgil the fourth circle of hell, Dante is recognized by a fellow-countryman, Ciaccio by name. While holding discourse together on the affairs of their native city, Dante, longing to know what has become of Farinata, Peghiao, and the rest "who bent their minds on working good," conjures Ciaccio to throw some light on the matter:—

"Oh! tell me where
They bide, and to their knowledge let me come,
For I am prest with keen desire to hear
If heaven's sweet cup, or poisonous drug of hell,
Be to their lip assigned."

Ciaccio removes all doubt when he replies:—

"These are yet blacker spirits. Various crimes
Have sunk them deeper in the dark abyss.
If thou so far descendest, thou mayst see them."

Pursuing their course along the fearful track, the poets draw nigh unto "the city that of Dis is named, with its grave denizens, a mighty throng." Framed of iron the walls seem to be; the minarets gleam vermilion under the action of the eternal fire raging through the valley; upon the gates as sentinels stand more than a thousand of the spirits "who of old from heaven were shower'd." Not without difficulty are the visitants admitted. Within is a vast plain, "thick-set with sepulchres" glowing like red-hot iron in the midst of scattered flames. None keep watch over these fiery vaults, above which hang suspended the lids—not to be closed until the entombed shades shall return from Josophat, bringing the bodies which they left behind on earth. Dolorous sighs and lamentable moans, "such as the sad and tortured well might raise," issue out of the sepulchres, wherein arch-heretics and "every sect their followers" lie buried, together with Epicurus and his disciples "who with the body make the soul to die." Dante wonders whether he may see and speak with the occupants of these tombs. While he addresses himself to his guide, the Tuscan accent catches the ear of one of the unhappy dead, and suddenly from out the depths a voice proceeds:

"O Tuscan! thou, who through the city of fire
Alive art passing, so discreet of speech:
Here, please thee, stay awhile. Thy utterance
Declares the place of thy nativity
To be that noble land with which perchance
I too severely dealt."

Dante, thus adjured, presses closer to his guide in dread. But Virgil reassures him. "Lo! Farinata there," he says, thrusting him to the tomb's foot, and bidding him let his words be clear. Raising himself from the girdle upwards, and erecting his breast and forehead even as if hell itself he held in scorn, the Ghibelline leader eyes the stranger

from the upper world, and in disdainful mood inquires who were his ancestors. Then follows a long dialogue, in which Farinata alludes to the fierce hostility of these ancestors to himself, his family, and his party, and reminds their representative that twice he drove them out of Florence; while Dante rejoins, observing that although his progenitors were expelled from the city on more than one occasion, they nevertheless each time returned from all parts; displaying thus an art which the Uberti "have shown they are not skilled to learn." This allusion to the doom of exile, incurred by his noble race, strikes Farinata to the heart:

" 'And if,' continuing the first discourse,
'They in this art,' he cried, 'small skill have shown;
That doth torment me more e'en than this bed.'"

He warns Dante that he, too, shall learn, ere long, how difficult is that art of returning from banishment, and bids him say why it is that in all its laws this people is so pitiless towards the Uberti. The poet answers that the reason is to be found in "the slaughter and great havoc that coloured Arbia's flood with crimson stain."

"Sighing, he shook
The head, then thus resumed: 'In that affray
I stood not singly, nor without just cause,
Assuredly, should with the rest have stirr'd;
But singly there I stood, when, by consent
Of all, Florence had to the ground been razed,
The one who openly forbade the deed.' "

Dante, lately so reluctant to approach, now lingers, hoping to learn more from the renowned chief. But Virgil calls him away: not, however, until he has learned that more than a thousand lie with Farinata in that one sepulchre. Two, the latter names—"of the rest I speak not."

Not as a Ghibelline, be it observed, was this place of punishment assigned to Farinata. Guelphs were under the same doom as well: for even while the dead Imperialist and the living poet were discoursing, Cavalcante, a distinguished member of the popular party, rose from among the suffering throng to ask some news of his son, Dante's beloved Guido. No; not for political views was Farinata thus condemned, but for holding with Epicurus that the soul dies with the body, and that human happiness consists in temporal pleasures.†

* "The great Ghibelline had lain thirty-six years in his sepulchre of flame. Yet the mere footfall of a Florentine, and the sight of the familiar habit, stir him to the interests of the upper world. . . . Perhaps no other poet than Dante would have dared to paint a spirit triumphing in the potency of factious pride over hell and the torments of 'this bed.'"—J. A. Symonds, "An Introduction to the Study of Dante."

† See the long and interesting notes to Longfellow's translation of the *Divina Commedia*. I have followed in the text Cary's rendering of Dante's verse.

Those who know anything of Italian poetry must remember a sonnet by Dante, beginning with this line :

“ Guido, vorrei che tu e Lapo ed io.”

The Guido here named was Dante's friend, the son of the Cavalcante mentioned above. During a short interval of reconciliation between the rival factions, some intermarriages of Guelphs and Ghibellines took place. On that occasion Guido Cavalcante was united to a daughter of Farinata degli Uberti. The Lapo named in the sonnet is in all probability Jacopo, commonly called Lapo, the son of Farinata. He was a poet of no mean repute, and highly esteemed by Dante. Fazio, or Bonifazio, the author of the *Dittamondo*, was the son of Lapo, and consequently the inheritor of an illustrious name, and the inheritor, also, of the exile's doom.

No one appears to have thought it worth while to note where Fazio degli Uberti was born. Filippo Villani speaks of him as a countryman and contemporary of his own, alludes to his gay and pleasant disposition, and adds, that the only fault he discovered in him was a disposition to frequent the court of tyrants, and laud their life and ways. This implied reproach of singing the praises of princes probably meant nothing more than that the historian's politics were not of the same colour as those of Fazio ; and that the latter adhered to the traditions of his family, preferring the society of the nobles to the company of the popolani. This exclusive association with men of rank is noticed by another Italian writer of the same period as a praiseworthy characteristic of the expatriated family. They had been, when he wrote (in Dante's time), “ more than forty years outlaws from their country, nor ever found mercy nor pity, remaining always abroad in great state, nor ever abased their honour, seeing that they ever abode with kings and lords, and to great things applied themselves.”*

Fazio's choice of great things appears to have been the pursuit of learning and the cultivation of poetry, and in these conjointly he distinguished himself not a little. Villani says that he was the first to compose in the style of the canzone, and that he used that form with great ability and discretion ; adding that in his old age, following better counsel, he ceased to compose in Latin, and, imitating Dante, wrote a book in the vulgar tongue very graceful and pleasing, giving an account of the situation and history of the different parts of the world, including in the work a great deal of matter coming within the scope of cosmography, and much besides well worthy of being read on account of the elegance of the language. Moreover, it is excellent in this, too, that owing to the succinctness of the style, the verses can easily be committed to memory. And as Dante, in his wanderings

* Dino Compagni, quoted by Dean Church.

through the regions beyond the grave, took Virgil for his leader, so Fazio, when he set out to visit the different nations of the earth, made choice of Solinus as his guide.*

Of Fazio's life there is very little known. Tiraboschi remarks that in one of his canzone the poet bitterly and despairingly complains of the straits to which poverty had reduced him, without, however, mentioning any particular circumstance. Some writers assert that he was solemnly crowned in Florence, but no proof is adduced: and certainly this does not seem likely to have happened, adds Tiraboschi, in a city where he had no permanent abode. Where he wrote his celebrated work, the *Dittamondo*, has not been ascertained, nor the precise period during which he was engaged in its composition. "Probably he began his poem about the middle of the fourteenth century, and was still at work on it in the year 1367, and it seems likely that he may have died soon after that date, leaving his task unfinished. One thing, however, is certain: namely, that he was one of the best poets of his age, especially in strength and energy of style."†

Dante Gabriel Rossetti supplies us with some corrections, and a few additional particulars of an interesting kind. Evidently he does not think it likely that Fazio suffered grievously from poverty. The high reputation enjoyed by the poet makes it probable that he did receive the laural crown, as stated by various early writers, though it is not mentioned in what city that honour was conferred on him. Mr. Rossetti observes that there is much beauty in several of Fazio's lyrical poems. One of the canzone he particularly admires, and transfigures into English. It is the "portrait" of a lady of Verona, named Angiola, to whom the poet was attached; and as a love song the translator thinks it is not perhaps surpassed by any poem of its class in existence. "Its excellence is such," continues Mr. Rossetti, "as to have procured it the high honour of being attributed to Dante, so that it is to be found among most of the editions of the *Canzoniere*; and as far as poetic beauty is concerned, it must be allowed to hold even there an eminent place." Having remarked that Fazio, an exile by inheritance, seems to have acquired restless tastes; that he travelled over a great part of Europe in the latter years of his life, and composed in his old age the poem entitled "*Il Dittamondo*"—the "Song of the World," or "Words of the World," the commentator thus enlarges on the theme: "This work, though by no means contemptible in point of execution, certainly falls far short of its conception, which is a grand one, the topics of which it treats in great measure—geography and natural history—rendering it in those days the native home of all credulities and monstrosities. In scheme it was intended as an earthly parallel to Dante's sacred poem, doing for this

* Villani, "Vite degl' illustri Fiorentini."

† Tiraboschi, "Storia della Letteratura Italiana."

world what he did for the other. At Fazio's death it remained unfinished, but I should think by very little, the plan of the work seeming in the main accomplished. The whole earth (or rather all that was then known of it) is traversed—its surface and its history,—ending with the Holy Land, and thus bringing Man's world as near as may be to God's; that is to the point where Dante's office begins. No conception could well be nobler, or worthier even now of being dealt with by a great master. To the work of such a man, Fazio's work might afford such first materials as have usually been furnished beforehand to the greater poets by some unconscious steward.*

That Fazio visited the land of his ancestors, and even sojourned for a brief space in the city so beloved by her sons, can hardly be doubted after a careful perusal of the pages of the *Dittamondo*, in which Florence is described. The sketch is the work of an admiring eye and a loving hand, and the exile's heart beats proudly at the sight of the noble monuments and lovely surroundings of the city republic. He found by experience how inextinguishable the love of country is, for neither eye nor heart grew weary in gazing at the scenes spread out before him :—

“ Quivi provai com' è grande l'amore
Della patria, perocchè di vederla
Saziar non ne potea gli occhi nè il cuore.”

Most of all, the Baptistry delighted him with its incomparable intaglios and marbles; and he observes that when the campanile shall have been finished, course after course, as it was begun, nothing in all the world will surpass its beauty. Then the clear waters and the pure air, the charming women, and the men who know so well on all occasions what to say and do, receive the tribute of the exile's praise. Swiftly sped the days he lingered in that pearl of cities; and as he passed out of the gates with bowed head and downcast eyes, he felt that he had left his heart and his best self behind, and sadly questioned whether his eyes should ever again be gladdened with the fair vision of which he now took a tearful farewell :—

“ Ah! lasso!
Ritornarò più mai a rivedere
Quest caro terren, che ora passo?”

A passage in another part of the poem leaves no doubt that the citizens of Florence pursued their animosity towards the Uberti from son to son, even to the fourth generation. Yet we do not find that a member of the family durst not set foot within the walls under any circumstance whatsoever: the penalty of being burned alive was not imposed as in the case of Dante. The visit of one of the race to Florence is recorded by Dino Compagni. The Uberti were loved as

* D. G. Rossetti “Early Italian Poets.” Introduction.

they were hated, he says; and as an instance he mentions that when, under the protection of a cardinal, one of them visited the city, and the chequered blue and gold blazon of their house was, after an interval of half a century, again seen in the streets of Florence, many ancient Ghibelline men and women pressed to kiss the arms, and even the common people did him honour.*

Fazio married; but whether the Lady Angiola of Verona, immortalised in the canzone translated by Mr. Rossetti, became his wife, no one appears to know. It is certain, however, that the last years of his long life were spent in Verona, that he died there, and was buried in that city. A son of his, Leopardo by name, after his father's death settled in Venice, where "his descendants maintained an honourable rank for the space of two succeeding generations."†

Eminently calculated as the Dittamondo undoubtedly was to instruct and interest the author's contemporaries and the next succeeding generations, the book, nevertheless, did not get a chance of accomplishing so great a good. Safe, but inaccessible withal, as far as the multitude were concerned, this, the earliest didactic poem in the Italian language, lay in manuscript for a hundred years in the libraries of the learned and the wealthy. However, soon after the invention of printing, a folio edition was published at Vicenza (1474), but with such a multiplicity of errors as to render the perusal of the book a laborious and intolerable task. Venice produced a quarto edition in 1501, this also being disfigured with innumerable mistakes. These were the only editions of the Dittamondo given to the world between the fifteenth and the nineteenth centuries. Ranking among the *testi di lingua*, and highly esteemed by the Academia della Crusca for the purity of its style, the Dittamondo has had the honour of being quoted more than eight hundred times in the famous Vocabularia. As a proof of the richness of its historical matter and its usefulness in illustrating Dante, it may be noted that the poem is many times quoted and still more frequently referred to in the notes to Cary's translation of the Divine Commedia.

In a famous bibliographical work, "*Serie dei Testi di Lingua*," published in Venice, 1839, the author, Bartolomeo da Bassano, gives, under the heading of "*Fazio degli Uberti*," a minute description of the early editions of the Dittamondo. He styles the folio edition *rarissimo*, and mentions the sales at which copies were purchased. A story is told at the same time of an English gentleman who ordered a copy belonging to M. Floncel to be purchased for him, without, however, stating the price he was willing to pay. The bidding went up to eight hundred francs, and the lot was knocked down to the Englishman; but so provoked was he at having to pay so exorbitant a sum for his bargain

* See Dean Church's "*Essay on Dante*."

† D. G. Rossetti, "*Early Italian Poets*."

that as soon as he got the book into his hands he flung it into the fire.

The author cites a high authority in confirmation of the opinion that the two early editions are incorrect to an extraordinary degree: that, in fact, nothing could possibly be more disfigured or outlandish.

Lord Charlemont, the patriot earl, spent, it will be remembered, several years of his early manhood in Italy, devoting himself to elegant pursuits, and cultivating assiduously the study of the language and literature of the country. In all probability it was at that time he became acquainted with the poems of Fazio degli Uberti, and obtained a copy of the *Dittamondo*. The passage which would seem to have most of all attracted his attention was the one containing a complimentary allusion to the woollen products of Ireland imported into Florence in the poet's day, that is to say in the fourteenth century. On the foundation of the Royal Irish Academy, in 1786, Lord Charlemont was elected president. At one of the earliest meetings of that body, a paper on the "Antiquity of the Woollen Manufacture in Ireland," written by his lordship, was read; and in the first volume of the *Transactions* this essay was printed. The noble author adduces several instances in proof of the estimation in which Irish cloths were held at home and abroad many hundred years ago, and gives full weight to Fazio's testimony. A short notice of the poet and his book is very properly introduced, but no passages are quoted from the *Dittamondo*, except the one declaring Ireland worthy of renown on account of "the beautiful serges she sends us," and another dwelling on the perils attending the navigation of the Irish Sea. Lord Charlemont does not appear to have any doubt concerning Fazio's visit to Ireland. He remarks that the poet expressly says he had seen in Ireland "certain lakes of various natures." Furthermore, the writer of the essay is careful to state that the copy from which he quotes is of the very rare edition of 1474.*

* The Charlemont Library was sold in 1865, some of the rare books and manuscripts bringing very high prices, as may be seen on reference to the *Athenæum*, Aug. 19, of the same year. The following is a description of the copy above mentioned, taken from the catalogue prepared by Messrs. Sotheby & Co.—"UBERTI (Fazio degli) *DITTA MUNDI* (in terza rima), first edition, excessively rare, very large copy, with the signatures (generally cut off) Vicenza, Leonardo da Basilia, 1474. This is probably the rarest of all the Italian poems, and may be regarded as a most interesting autobiography of the poet, who gives therein details of his various travels. Like Dante, he not only gives the geography, but also the history of his own time. This poem, from internal evidence, is supposed to have been written about the year 1350, and contains a description of the British empire, in which will be found mentioned a most remarkable fact that Ireland was then already famous for her woollen manufactures. (See Lord Charlemont's MS. notes.) Quadrino, Tiraboschi, and Gamba agree in styling this edition 'rarissima,' a fact fully borne out by a copy at Floncel's sale producing 800 francs."

On reading Lord Charlemont's paper, the indication of an exportation of Irish serges to the South of Europe in the fourteenth century was what particularly interested me at the moment in the account of the Dittamondo. However, the incidental mention of the "lakes of various natures" awakened my attention in no small degree, and I resolved to pursue inquiry in a new direction as soon as opportunity might serve for doing so.

THE GREEN ANCHOR.

(Thoughts suggested by a small village sign board.)

"WHAT means that anchor painted green?"

Once asked a little child,
When first Hope's emblem he had seen,
Amidst his gambols wild.

The father, smiling, gently laid,
As he his darling eyed,
His hand on the young querist's head,
And fondly thus replied:

"My son, the anchor is what makes
Tall ships in safety lie,
When the loud wind the forest shakes
And little birdies die.

"The green is what each budding tree
Puts on in spring-time, love,
When robin redbreast, full of glee,
Is singing high above.

"When you're a man, and big men meet,
Be steady like a ship;
Be careful where you place your feet,
And you will seldom slip.

"And on life's ocean, when you're tossed,
Be brave and steady still,
For, mark me, men are seldom lost,
Except with their own will.

"If sadness comes, remember, boy,
The green that comes with spring;
Think of the glory and the joy
That hard-won triumphs bring.

"For you I pray, that, while you live,
Happy you be and gay.
This, and much more, may heaven give!
Now, run about and play."

THE HOLY WELLS OF IRELAND.

BY REV. J. HEALY, D.D.

"The holy wells, the living wells, the cool, the fresh, the pure,
A thousand ages rolled away, and still those fonts endure,
As full and sparkling as they flowed, ere slave or tyrant trod
The emerald garden set apart for Irishmen by God."—J. D. FRASER.

THERE have been holy wells and sacred streams in every country and in every age. Sometimes amongst Pagan nations they have been the object of idolatrous worship; sometimes, too, in Christian countries they may have been unduly and superstitiously revered. But it is also certain that a lawful and becoming reverence of a religious character may be paid to those sacred fountains whose waters have been instrumental in performing miracles or have been specially sanctified by the Church's use, or by the blessing of some great saint. There is no other country in the world where there are so many of these truly holy wells as in Ireland, or where they are still so much revered by the people. We propose to explain the origin and the motives of the religious reverence which is still justly due to the holy wells of Ireland.

Tertullian, the first of the Latin Fathers, who flourished towards the end of the second century of the Christian era, tells us that the element of water was specially sanctified by the Spirit of God, who "moved over the face of the waters." Not only amongst the Jews but even amongst Pagan nations the living stream was regarded as the most fitting symbol of spiritual life; and the purity of heart that befits the ministers and servants of God was fitly typified by the limpid water whose lustrations cleansed and cooled and refreshed the bodies of the worshippers. So God Himself commanded that water should be

used in the legal purifications of the Jews ; and a brazen sea of pure water stood within the court of the temple for the purifications to be performed by the priests.

There were, moreover, holy wells and holy streams in Palestine. Everyone has heard of the sacred pool of Bethsaida, where our Saviour performed the great miracle so often represented in ancient Christian art. St John (v. 2) tells us that amongst its five porches "lay a great multitude of sick, of blind, of lame, of withered, waiting for the moving of the water. And an angel of the Lord descended at certain times into the pond, and the water was moved. And he that went down first unto the pond after the motion of the water was made whole of whatsoever infirmity he lay under." A holy well, in sooth, a second Lourdes, of marvellously miraculous virtue, which not even a Protestant, if he be a Christian, can safely sneer at.

Then the Jordan was pre-eminently a sacred stream. For its waters heard the voice of God "and came down from above, and stood in one place swelling up like a mountain," so that they were seen from afar until all the people passed over through the channel that was dried up. At the word of the prophet, too, the same stream was filled with healing efficacy, so that when the leper Naaman, "went down and washed in the Jordan seven times according to the word of the man of God, his flesh was restored like the flesh of a little child and he was made clean." But more than all was the Jordan sanctified when our Saviour Himself stood in the stream, and John the Baptist poured upon his head the baptismal waters that gave no sanctity to Him, but were, as all the Fathers teach, sanctified for ever by contact with his saving flesh. In after-times a large cross was erected upon the spot, a great monastery was built nigh to it, and pilgrims from every land came to bathe in the sacred stream, and its waters were borne over all the earth and were used at the baptism of the children of kings.

Jacob's well near Sichem in Samaria, where our Saviour asked the drink of water from the Samaritan woman, not unnaturally became also a holy well ; and a great cruciform church was built round about, so that the well was in the very centre of the church. A pilgrim bishop, Arculphus by name, in the eighth century, saw the church with his own eyes, and drank of the waters of the well, as he himself told our great countryman, Adamann, abbot of Iona, who mentions this as well as many other interesting facts in his celebrated tract on the Holy Places.

There were many circumstances that combined to lend a special sanctity to the holy wells of Ireland. In the earlier centuries of the Christian era adult baptism was almost always performed by immersion. Hence we find that a baptistery was nearly always constructed in the immediate neighbourhood of the great cathedrals, as at Constanti-

nople, Rome, Milan, and Ravenna. These baptisteries were separate buildings, although in connection with the church, and were frequently constructed of considerable size and elaborately ornamented. In the inner chamber of the baptistery there was always a large pool of pure water, surrounded by a low wall with two or three ascending and as many steps descending to the water. This wall was again surrounded by rows of columns sometimes of richest porphyry, from which depended curtains that served at once for the purpose both of ornament and propriety. The catechumens, on the great festivals of Easter and Pentecost, descended into the pool in batches, and were baptized by the officiating minister. Standing in the water, almost in the same costume as is worn now by bathers, they first turned to the west, the place of darkness, and solemnly renounced Satan; then turning to the east, the throne of light, and stretching out their hands to heaven, they made solemn profession of their faith and were then baptized, sometimes by immersion, and sometimes by infusion, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Now these fonts were always solemnly blessed before use with prayer, and invocation, and insufflation of the minister; and the waters were commingled with the holy chrism. We are informed, too, that it was a common belief that the moment the font was blessed an angel of God came down from heaven to purify the waters, and guard them from diabolical profanation, and thus he became the guardian angel of the holy spot.

But the font was not the only sacred fountain near the church in those early centuries. In the porches of the larger churches there were cisterns of water for the use of the faithful. Such a basin was erected by St. Paulinus of Nola in the atrium or porch of his church of St. Felix. This fountain, too, was blessed as well as the font and had its temporal advantages as well as spiritual significance. In hot countries, especially, it was a great benefit for the worshippers who sometimes travelled long distances to be able to wash the face, and hands, and feet, especially when going to partake of the sacred mysteries. And an inscription in the porch reminded them that they were to cleanse their consciences by penance as they cleansed the face with water before admission to the sacred mysteries.

St. Patrick, during the years of his sojourn in Gaul and Italy, witnessed these observances; and knew that at least a suitable baptismal font was a matter of obligation wherever it could be had.

But when he came to preach the Gospel in Ireland there were neither churches nor fonts of any kind; yet, of course, the people were to be baptized, that the living stones of the spiritual edifice might be ready when the material edifice was built to receive them. We know, too, that the primitive churches in Ireland were very small, and oftentimes of the rudest materials, so that baptisteries of the continental

style were altogether out of the question. On his missionary journeys in this country the saint found it necessary to act as the deacon St. Philip did with the Eunuch from Ethiopia, and baptize his converts in the wayside wells and streams.

We can easily gather from the early lives of our great apostle how he usually acted on these occasions. When the converts of a certain district were sufficiently instructed, he selected a suitable site for the future church. That site was generally near a well or stream of pure water, which might serve as a baptistery for the new congregation. The rude little church of stone, or timber, was easily built by willing hands, and when the Catechumens were instructed the apostle prepared to baptize them in the well. But it must first be blessed, for it might have been profaned by evil influences, or it might have been a stream which the Druids held sacred to their gods. It was then, of course, all the more necessary to bless it by exorcism, and prayer, and invocation of the Holy Spirit of God; for the Church nearly always thus blesses whatever is to be used for the purposes of divine worship. Then the Catechumens, as they were ready, were brought in batches, made to stand up to their knees in the well, or stream, and the apostle and his assistant priests pouring the living stream on their heads, ransomed them from the powers of darkness, and made them heirs of the kingdom of light. And undoubtedly the stream thus blessed by St. Patrick, and used by him and by succeeding ministers as a baptistery and font for the faithful, became in very truth a holy spring and had its own guardian angel; and besides its sacramental efficacy, there was a virtue in its waters derived from the prayers of the Church, and the merits and prayers of the great and holy men who sanctified its waters.

There are several incidents narrated in the lives of the early Irish saints which furnish abundant proof of these statements. We are told, for instance, that when St. Patrick, having crossed the Shannon, came to the Royal Palace of Rath Cruachan, in Roscommon, where the daughters of King Leoghaire were being educated, as he approached the palace at early morning he met the two royal maidens, Fedelm of the red-rose cheeks, and Ethna of the golden hair, at Clebach's fountain on the southern slope of Cruachan, where they were wont to take their morning bath, according to the simple customs of those early days. There before them sat the saint, a "king-like presence, fronting the dawn he sat alone," and his monks stood nigh to him. The wondering maidens gazed upon the venerable stranger, and questioned him much as to who he was, and whence he came, and what king he served. Then Patrick told the lofty message which he bore, and:—

"As he spake the eyes of that lovely twain
Grew large with a tearful but glorious light,
Like skies of summer, late cleared by rain,
When the full-orbed moon will be soon in sight."

At the same moment God touched their hearts with his grace, and, believing with the fulness of a perfect faith, they were baptized, even where they stood, by the margin of Clebach's fountain; not, however, until he had first blessed the stream :

“No word he said,
But three times made the sacred sign ;
At the first men say the demons fled ;
At the third flocked round them the Powers divine, unseen.”

And then the maidens fair were robed in white, and begged the Eucharistic Bread Divine and prayed that they might be united to their Spouse and King for ever. The saint, as was the custom in those days, gave them the Holy Communion after the baptism, and lo! the flush of health faded from their brows, and they calmly sank to sleep in death, and side by side at Clebach well were laid to rest. But their souls went up to heaven, to their Saviour and King, and the fountain became one of the holy wells of Erin, long celebrated in history and in song.

We are told in the same “Tripartite,” which is one of the earliest and most authentic lives of St. Patrick, that when the saint was at Aghagower, near the modern Westport, in the county Mayo, he built a church there, and he set over it the Bishop Senachus, whose innocence and holiness were so great that Patrick called him God's lamb. And Patrick loved much the beauty and retirement of this spot, so well suited for heavenly contemplation, and longed to remain there as long as the constant care of the churches permitted. “Nigh to the little church of Senachus there was a large fountain of wondrous efficacy, wherein two fish might always be seen swimming, and nothing could destroy them. This immunity from death, which the fish in the Sacred spring enjoyed, was,” so the writer of the Life tells us, “believed to be the fruit of St. Patrick's blessing.” This is probably one of the earliest of many similar stories told of fish that lived for ever in the blessed wells. It must, however, be borne in mind that the “fish,” especially in those early days, was a Christian symbol of most sacred significance. The name *ichthus*, which is the Greek word for fish, and the fish itself are of constant recurrence amongst the sacred symbols of the early Christians in the Catacombs. The letters of the Greek word formed the initial letters of the sentence: “JESUS CHRIST, OF GOD THE SON, OUR SAVIOUR.” The heavenly Ichthus, then, was Jesus Christ, and we are the smaller fishes, born in the waters of baptism, as Tertullian says, caught in the net of salvation, and thus made members of the heavenly kingdom. There is a reference in the same symbol to the Holy Eucharist, with which the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes had such intimate connection both in point of time and significance. On a tablet found, in 1839, near Autun, in France, there is a Greek inscription, of which the following, amongst other words, can be clearly discerned: “Offspring of the heavenly

Ichthus, see that a heart of holy reverence be thine, now that from the divine waters thou hast received, while yet among mortals, a fount of life that is to immortality. Quicken thy soul, O beloved one, with the ever-flowing waters of wealth-giving wisdom, and receive the honey-sweet food of the Saviour of the saints. Eat with longing hunger the Ichthus which thou holdest in thy hands." (See Smith's "Christ. Ant.," p. 806, vol. i.) Remembering this beautiful symbolism of the life-giving waters, and the heavenly Ichthus, we shall be disposed to look with greater reverence on the crystal waters of the holy well and the sacred fish, on which the prayers of Patrick are said to have bestowed immortal life.

Another fact is narrated in the life of St. Patrick, which shows that he regarded a spring of water as a matter of necessity near a church, for the purposes already indicated. When the saint was not far distant from Rath Cruachan, he received from the converted druid, Ono, a suitable site, whereon he built a church, which was called Ail-finn (Elphin), that is the rock of the clear stream. The rock was there already, and St. Patrick one night caused a miraculous fountain of limped water to spring from beneath the rock, as Moses did at Horeb. That copious fountain is still flowing before the gate of the Protestant church of Elphin, which is built on the site of the old cathedral founded by St. Patrick for his beloved disciple, Asicus, the first bishop of Elphin, who made for Patrick his chalices and patens and the quadrangular covers for the sacred books.

We might give many other instances from the lives of our Irish saints to show that it was customary from the earliest times to baptize the faithful in the wells near the churches, which thus not unnaturally acquired a character of special sanctity. We are told, for instance, that the great Saint Columba was baptized at Temple Douglas, that is, the Church of the Black Stream—it was sometimes darkened by the floods—which flowed quite near the sacred edifice. We are told in like manner that St. Finnian of Clonard, the "tutor of the saints of Ireland," was baptized by St. Abban at the place where the streams of two fountains met, and on account of the limpid purity of the water, he was baptized by the name of Finnlach, the Child of the Limpid Fountain. (Col. xxiii. Feb.)

But there were other reasons that moved our Irish saints to bless the holy wells, and our faithful people to reverence them. It seems that with the Celtic tribes, as, indeed, amidst most of the Pagan nations, idolatrous worship was offered to certain fountains which were regarded as gods, for Satan always seeks to have that reverence paid to himself, as if he were lord of the elements, which is due to God alone. We have related, both by Tirechan in the Book of Armagh, and by St. Evin in the Tripartite—a fact which fully explains St. Patrick's mode of dealing with these superstitions, and, no doubt,

accounts, too, for the origin of several of our holy wells. The following is a literal translation of the Tripartite account :—" Now, when the holy man was travelling through this same region (of Mayo), nurturing and watering the seeds of the divine word, he came to a certain fountain in the plain called Finmagh, which the credulous people named the King of Streams, and from the virtue which they believed it possessed they also gave it the name of Slan, or the Health-giver. The foolish people believed in this fountain, or rather regarded it as a god, and hence they called it the King of Waters, and worshipped it as a god. Now, the fountain was formed of a quadrangular shape, and a large stone of the same shape closed up its entrance. An encouragement, if not the foundation, of the popular superstition seems to have been derived from the fact that a certain magician who worshipped the water as a propitious diety, and regarded fire as a hostile one, when dying ordered his body to be buried under the stone, within the fountain. When Patrick ascertained the nature of the superstition, he explained to the people, whom he rebuked for their errors, that neither that fountain nor any other creature, but God alone, was the Creator of the elements, and King and Lord over them, as well as over all other creatures. Moreover, he ordered the stone to be taken from the mouth of the well; but as they could not by any means be induced to comply with his request, making the sign of the cross, he himself easily removed the stone, and baptized St. Cannech in the stream, and furthermore enriched that saint's offspring with the perpetual inheritance of his blessing. This St. Cannech was afterwards the ruler of St. Patrick's monks, became a bishop too, and built a church in that same region of Corca-Themore, which was called Kealltag." This is the place since called Ballintober, but known in our native annals as Ballintober Patrick, the Town of Patrick's Well, but the fame of its ancient holiness has departed, for although it is still called Tobermore, the Great Well, it is no longer deemed a holy one. (See Joyce, vol. I., p. 436).

There was yet another cause that sanctified many holy islands and holy wells in Ireland. In the century, especially that succeeded the death of St. Patrick, the Irish saints loved to seek out some desert spot altogether cut off from the habitations of men, where they might give themselves up exclusively to the service of God. Some made their hermitages in the uninhabited islands of the ocean, especially on the wild western coasts of Ireland; others sought out islets in the great lakes, like Corrib, Ree, and Derg; others, again, retired into mountain valleys, or sought some lonely *cluain*, or meadow island, in the midst of woods or marshes, where the wild boars freely roamed. The lives of these hermits were appallingly austere. Their home was a cave or a hut of wattles, or of loose stones, through which the rain and the wind freely entered. They wore the

same coarse clothes until they fell to pieces from their backs ; their food was a little corn with roots and water from the spring—this last was not unfrequently their only drink. Hence, wherever the hermit lived, he always had his cell nigh to some fountain : and that fountain was blessed by his prayers, and doubly blessed by his use. He not unfrequently, too, knelt or stood knee-deep in the cold stream whilst he recited the entire psalter, for this was a favourite mode of penance with our Irish saints. Then his secret was found out : men came to see his grotto, his little church, and the holy spring which gave him half his nourishment. And so it came to be regarded, what in very truth it was, a holy well ; and when the saint had gone to his reward, the devotion of his disciples brought them year after year to the same holy spot to perform their devotions, especially on the feast-day of the patron, and to secure themselves the strong protection of his prayers.

Sometimes, too, it would happen that in their journey through the country the missionary saints, like Bridget, Patrick, and Columbkille, tired and foot-sore, sat down, like our Saviour at the well of Samaria, to refresh themselves at some way-side fountain : and they blessed the grateful stream, and that was a fruitful and abiding blessing long remembered by the people, who, of course, came from all the country round to drink of its waters, and carry home the saving stream. Thus it came to pass that we have not only at the old churches, but also by the way-side, in almost every parish in Ireland, some Toberpatrick, or Bride's-well, or Columbkille's-well ; so that the blessings of God's saints has remained upon thousands of the wells of holy Ireland.

There are persons who deem any reverence paid to these holy wells to be superstitious ; they sneer at the simple faithful who perform their devotions at the holy spring, and in their own great knowledge and superior Christianity pity their ignorance and folly. If these people are Protestants we cannot argue with them now : those who will not reverence the cross of Christ, cannot be expected to venerate holy wells. They are, at least, very inconsistent ; for the men who themselves venerate the statues, the monuments, and other memorials of their statesmen, warriors, and poets, cannot blame us if we should pay, at least, an equal reverence to the memorials of the saints of God, to anything blessed by their prayers and hallowed by their daily use.

With Catholics, however, who talk in this fashion, as they sometimes do, we have less patience : we must take the liberty of telling them that the due veneration of these holy wells is not superstition ; that prayers to the saints, in any spot hallowed by their abode, their miracles, or their labours, is all the more likely to be efficacious ; and that the Church has no sympathy with the hollow smile and frozen sneer of their scepticism. They do not understand the things that are of the Spirit of God. If they were alive in the apostolic age they

would, no doubt, sneer at the foolish woman who, in her simple faith, thought she might be cured by touching the hem of our Saviour's garments; and at the still more foolish people who, as we are told in the Acts of the Apostles, "Brought forth their sick into the streets, laid them on beds and couches, that St. Peter's *shadow*, at least, might overshadow them, and that they might thus be delivered from their infirmities." Equally foolish and superstitious, no doubt, from the scientific point of view were those who brought to the sick the handkerchiefs and aprons of St. Paul: yet we are told on high authority, that these same handkerchiefs drove away the disease, and the evil spirits, from the bodies of the possessed.

With this doubting faith and false science we have no sympathy. It is the mongrel offspring of ignorance and pride—pride in its own petty wisdom, and ignorance of the wondrous ways of God.

For our own part, we believe in the ancient sanctity of these holy wells; we believe it lingers round them still, that a virtue still abides in the sacred stream, and that the saints who hallowed them of old, by their works and prayers, still look down in benignant mercy on those who worship God, and ask their prayers on the very spot that was so intimately connected with their own earthly pilgrimage. If abuses arise let them be corrected; if they cannot be corrected, and the evil is greater than the good, then let the pilgrimage be stopped. But, meanwhile, call them not superstitious—the men and women of simple faith and loving hearts who still go to the holy places where dwelt the saints of God, to ask their prayers, and call to mind the bright example of their virtues and of their lives. "Are not the rivers of Damascus," said the Syrian leper, "better than all the waters of Israel, that I may wash in them and be clean?" But they were not, and Naaman could only be cleansed in Jordan's holy stream. Is there any virtue in these holy wells more than any other spring, say the Naamans of our time? Yes, if you go at the word of the prophet, if you go in the spirit of faith, and say your fervent prayers by the sacred stream, and drink of its waters; it may do you quite as much good in this world, and certainly more in the next, than to go to the rivers of Damascus—to Buxton, Harrowgate, or Lisdoonvarna.

C R E D O .

BY CASSIE M. O'HARA.

*C*REDO! Great word of mystic might,
 Grow clearer on my soul,
 Flash through its deepest depths thy light,
 Its rebel-sense control.
 Teach it to yield, to kneel and pray,
 To tread the narrow path,
 And watch while all things pass away,
 The life that waits on death!

Credo! Sweet word of faith, hope, love—
 The golden three in one—
 Come from the Father's hand above,
 And make my heart thy throne.
 For though belief is Genius' crown,
 And learning's soul-like part,
 Though mind and intellect bow down,
 Faith triumphs in the heart!

Credo in thee, my Mother-Queen,
 The deathless Church of Rome,
 Whose royal arms have ever been
 My heritage and home!
 Whose winning beauty calmed my fears,
 Whose strength upheld and blessed,
 And soothed to peace the anguished years
 That wept upon thy breast.

Credo in dogma, law, and rite,
 In word and saving sign,
 That flashes forth in living light
 From ev'ry touch of thine;
 In every potent blessing breathed,
 In gift, and grace, and vow,
 In crown of saintly flowers wreathed
 Round thine immortal brow.

Credo in thy great Sacrifice,
 Where, faithful to his word,
 Descends to earth in lowly guise
 Emmanuel, the Lord

That pleads again, the blood once bright
 On Calvary's red sod,
 As fragile things of touch and sight
 Die—in the living God !

Credo in that sweet time of grace,
 Before the morning shrine,
 When at the altar's trysting-place
 The human meets divine !
 When like the Magdalene of old,
 I claim the " better part,"
 And wond'ring mind and soul enfold
 The God-Guest in my heart !

Credo ! when in the chancel dim
 I kneel alone to pray,
 My hot tears falling close to Him
 Who watches there alway.
 There every hidden sigh is heard,
 And secret sorrow known—
 No sob my breaking heart hath stirred
 But echoed in his own.

Credo ! a thousand times and more
 In her our Lily-one,
 Whose sinless bosom couched of yore
 God's own begotten Son ;
 In her unspotted life and birth,
 In mind and heart more free
 From tainting touch of time and earth
 Than moon-illuminated sea !

Credo ! till troublous life be past,
 The parting moment come,
 Till (heaven grant) I reach at last
 My Father's happy home.

Credo ! until the darkness flies
 From morning light and bliss,
 Until my life-long CREDO dies
 Before Him, as *He is* !

NEW BOOKS.

IN our January Number we took blame to ourselves for not having secured a prominent place among the Christmas presents of our younger readers for the ample and exquisite anthology which is by far the most attractive and valuable of the Christmas books published in Ireland this season—"Gems for the Young, from Favourite Poets. Edited by Rosa Mulholland" (M. H. Gill & Son). This gay-looking tome has the further recommendation for Christmas and New Year purposes that, besides being interspersed with pictures, it is, as some comic character says somewhere, "very fillin' at the price." The price seems too small for so large a book, and it would certainly be five shillings instead of three if the book were published in London. But though Christmas '83 is as irrevocably past as the Christmas that was brightened by the first appearance of Dicken's Christmas Carol—first and best of all the Christmas books, and that was forty years ago, epoch as remote in the imagination of some of our readers as Emancipation for others of us—though Christmas is over and the New Year is a month old, such books as Miss Mulholland's *Gems for the Young*, which young folk ought to learn off by heart from cover to cover, are in season all the year round.

This last observation applies also to another book which we ought to have brought under the notice of our readers, though (as is too usual) its appearance was just a little late. We have no notion of praising a story or any other book simply because it is written by a Catholic and for a good moral purpose. On the contrary, we consider a good many so-called Catholic tales very silly and commonplace, and often in very bad taste. We hope "Uriel; or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels" (London: Burns & Oates) will be duly recognised as a notable addition to our stores of pure entertaining literature. It is of much higher aim and character than the author's earlier work of the same kind—"Lady Glastonbury's Boudoir"—which excellent novel deserved warmer praise than *The Weekly Register* bestowed upon it in calling it "a spirited story," or *The Academy* in describing it as "a readable novelette, well put together and effectively told." The present story is all this and a great deal more. The plot is extremely interesting, and is worked out very skilfully. Several of the actors in the drama are delightful studies, and the conversations are most natural and lively, full of point and dramatic variety. The writer of a careful and appreciative review in *The Tablet* is right in attributing to the author of "Uriel" descriptive powers of a high order. Libraries that are on the look-out for "harmless novels" may safely order this hand-

some volume, which is much more than harmless, and which is as bright and fascinating as if the writer's sole aim were to amuse. Though she has already produced such admirable work in two other different departments as "Songs in the Night" and "Christian Schools and Scholars," we doubt if she has ever before done anything better or more useful than "Uriel; or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels."

If new music can come under the heading prefixed to these notes, we should wish to call the attention of our musical readers to "*I have loved the Lord*," a motet for four voices, with organ accompaniment (or solo and chorus *ad lib.*), composed by Mr. T. H. Mac Dermott (London: Novello, Ewer & Co.). The words of this motet are taken from the 114th Psalm, and the style of the music shows much fitness to the sentiment expressed in them. The vocal arrangement presents but little difficulty to the singers, as all the parts lie naturally for the voices. A devotional flowing melody, free from secularity, pervades the composition to the end, the marked *solis* and *tutti* adding to it colour and point. When carefully sung, we believe this motet will prove an effective anthem either for small or large choirs.

It would be a very interesting chapter in literary history, if the materials for it were forthcoming, that would reveal the small beginnings from which certain great works have sprung. The idea with which the author began was often as different from the final result as the grub is different from the butterfly. What was at first meant to be discussed in an essay of a few pages often grows into a large volume or several large volumes. We are not sure that something of this kind has not happened in the case of Dr. Joyce's work, now a classic, on "The Origin and History of Irish Names of Places." At least he did not imagine at first that his idea would be wrought out in two compact volumes, and that, even in Ireland "*incuriosa suorum*," the work would run through five editions. No doubt this great success is due to the fact that Dr. Joyce's treasures of antiquarian and topographical and etymological lore are set forth in peculiarly clear and attractive language. There are too many learned men who bury their talents, not in a napkin, but still more securely in an atrociously dull and cumbrous style. If there be any of our readers still unacquainted with the great worth and merit of Dr. Joyce's work (and we may say his other writings also) we refer them to the minute index at the end of each volume, and then to the extracts appended there from the criticisms of *The Saturday Review*, *The Times*, *The Revue Celtique*, *Academy*, *Athenæum*, *Scotsman*, *Nation*, *Freeman's Journal*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, &c. This book is now, as we have said, a recognised classic.

The degree of promise held out by "Ailey M'Cabe; or, the Boatman's Sorrows" (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son) depends on the age and previous experience of the author; and on these points it is indelicate to speculate, especially as the sex of "J. G. C." is not revealed. There

is much feeling in the poem and a good deal of freshness and power of expression; but it is marred by gross technical faults in very many lines. "Priscian a little scratched, 'twill do;" but here Priscian and prosody are very badly mauled, and "this will never do." With this last famous phrase opened the *Edinburgh Review* on Wordsworth. We fear that "J. G. C." will never falsify our prediction so triumphantly. But indeed we have uttered no prediction, but only an entreaty that, if a young poet is bent on writing blank verse, he or she will study the blank verse of recognised masters from Milton to Tennyson. A good number of the lines in this little book are short by a syllable or two, and some are two syllables too long. Yet we 'prefer the blank verse to the two or three lyrics interspersed. With all this we recognise a certain refinement of thought and poetical expression which increase our surprise that "Ailey M'Cabe" is not much better. By-the-way is there no distinction in Irish between "Alice" and "Ellen?"

A recent traveller, whose unpublished notes would form a delightful volume, makes in one place the following remark: "Several times during this trip I found myself regretting that I did not know at least a little smattering of both botany and geology. Learn from this, O ye young! while there is yet time, to cultivate extended tastes. They will be a pleasure to you always, but especially a pleasure and an added interest when later in life you come to travel." This admonition, to which the name of the traveller would add weight, we have ventured to quote as a recommendation of a little penny treatise which has been sent to us, "The Young Collector's Handbook of Flowering Plants," by Mr. James Britten, F.L.S., who belongs to the Department of Botany in the British Museum. It is one of a series written by specialists of the highest standing and very well illustrated.

The Hon. Colin Lindsay has published through Burns and Oates a vindication of Mary Queen of Scots as regards her marriage with Bothwell. Father Joseph Stevenson, S.J., has publicly admitted the cogency of Mr. Lindsay's arguments and retracted the opinion he had previously expressed on this branch of a subject on which he is one of the admitted authorities.

Robert Southey in one of his letters reckons proof-sheets among the joys of existence. We suspect that his opinion is shared by some professors in certain austere seats of learning which are cut off from the busy world. Notre Dame University in Indiana is one of the centres of literary activity among American Catholics. Its *Ave Maria* ranks perhaps highest among Catholic periodicals in the important item of circulation. Its "Scholastic Annual" has now appeared for nine years, skilfully edited by Professor Joseph A. Lyons. To him we owe also "The Malediction," a drama translated from the French, and adapted for male characters only, being in this respect the reverse of the sprightly little comedy which is concluded in our own pages this month.

'Aunt Maxwell's Return,' by the same practised and very successful caterer for youthful tastes, is very popular in American convents; and we have heard of its being acted twice with much favour in one of our convents at home. Blessed are they who are able to provide for the innocent amusement of their fellow-creatures in this vale of tears.

'A Boy's Club,' by Mr. James Britten, reprinted from *Merry England* in "The Penny Library" (Burns and Oates), is an amusing account of the foundation and progress of a very unpretending social institution which might be copied with profit in many places. It is easy to criticise, to find fault, to predict failure, and then to say "I told you so!" But all such attempts, even though they seem to fail—and this one has *not* failed—will at least not fail to earn a reward for those who carry them on with zeal, patience, prudence, and self-denial.

A very musical and poetical Operetta has come to us from St. John's, Newfoundland, where it has been performed with great success on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the Presentation Convent in that city. Of the band of Irish Nuns who crossed the seas so bravely half a century ago one only survives in her 87th year—Mother Magdalen O'Shaughnessy of Galway. By the way the author of this excellent little opera gives Galway also the glory of Nano Nagle, who belonged to Cork.

TWO NEW MAGAZINES.

THE rage for new magazines, which seems to be still on the increase, is advantageous to, at least, one deserving class of the community—the printers. During the last half-dozen months the new magazines started may be counted by the dozen. We wish to draw the attention of our readers to two of these. *The Messenger of St. Joseph* is edited by the Fathers of Rockwell College, near Cahir, Co. Tipperary. It is partly translated from a pious periodical of the same name, published in France; but the original matter will soon banish the foreign element. Both prose and verse are not only edifying but pleasing and graceful. The external get-up of the Magazine is not worthy of St. Joseph; and we entreat the conductors of the journal to insist on its being correctly printed, and otherwise well brought out. It is sent by post for five shillings a year.

A postal order for one shilling and sixpence (which costs a half-penny additional) will waft to your door, each month for a year, *The League of the Cross Magazine*. It is to be had from Burns & Oates, M. H. Gill & Son, and other Catholic houses, or from the Editor, at

3 Gumley-row, Isleworth, London. This penny magazine is the only organ of the temperance cause that is written by Catholics. The editor wisely admits many other topics besides the special object for which the League of the Cross was instituted. The opening number (January, 1884), contains a very striking little story by the graceful writer who is known as "Theo Gift." We shall probably keep our readers acquainted with the progress of our two youngest contemporaries, though we trust that many of them will then be readers also of *The Messenger of St. Joseph* and of *The League of the Cross Magazine*.

O'CONNELL AND BROUGHAM.*

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

LORD BROUGHAM, it is well known, was not on such amicable terms with O'Connell as Mr. Henry Brougham had once been. When George III. died, on the 29th of January, 1820, Caroline, the unfortunate wife of George IV., became *de jure* Queen of England. As such, she appointed Brougham her Attorney-General. The question was mooted whether she had power to appoint an Irish Attorney also. O'Connell aspired to this office, nine years before Emancipation. The letters of Brougham, preserved by O'Connell, and now first published, refer to this matter. Fragments of the paper on which they are written have crumbled away. Another year's delay would have left blanks in these copies of the originals.

"44 LINCOLN INN FIELDS, LONDON.

"Nov. 25, 1820.

"SIR,

"I had the honour of receiving your letter yesterday, having before received one from my much-valued friend the Knight of Kerry. I have communicated upon this subject with Her Majesty, who has been graciously pleased to desire that I would act in the matter according to the best judgment which I can form.

"In order to assist me, I must request you to let me know what precedents there are of Queen Consorts appointing Attorneys-General, how those appointments were acted upon, and whether they were disputed or were admitted by the Courts. Be pleased also to state if the

* This is the sixteenth instalment of "The O'Connell Papers," which this magazine has had the good fortune to be the first to publish. For this great favour we renew our gratitude to the Liberator's son, Mr. Morgan O'Connell.—*Ed. I. M.*

precedents extend to Solicitor-General, and whom, among the *Protestant* Barristers of proper standing, you would be inclined to recommend for that office in the event of your holding the other.

"I beg to add that if this correspondence shall end in your holding it, nothing will give me more entire satisfaction than to have been the instrument of mitigating, in one instance, the severity of the Penal Laws respecting Catholics, which I really deem as prejudicial to the interests of the Establishment as of the country at large. In such questions the Queen, of course, takes no part; but having been permitted to exercise my own discretion I cannot avoid stating one of the views which will certainly regulate it.

"I avail myself of this occasion to assure you of the respect with which

"I have the honour to be,

"Your faithful and humble servant,

"H. BROUGHAM.

"D. O'CONNELL, Esq.

"P.S.—I have to add that I am happy in having the concurrence of my colleague, Mr. Denman, in this proceeding."

O'Connell's answer we are unable to furnish; but a month later we find Brougham writing to him again:—

"December 23, 1820.

"SIR,

"I have been honoured with both your letters, and I should have had many apologies to make for not answering, had I not explained the reason through our common friend, Sir H. Parnell.

"I need hardly renew the assurances which I before gave, how satisfactory the appointment will prove to me if it takes place; but I beg leave to state for your consideration how awkwardly I feel situated in advising you upon it. I am bound (together with my colleague) to report to the Queen upon Her Majesty's right to make the appointments. We must endeavour, therefore, first of all to satisfy ourselves of the grounds of the right. Now none can be so satisfactory as the practice in former cases; and I trust you will see the necessity of applying yourself as speedily as possible to the inquiry whether or not any instance exists of a Queen *Consort* naming an Attorney or Solicitor-General in Ireland, and of any of the Courts admitting the rank of the officer nominated. If the inquiry prove unsuccessful, you may state the reasons why no distinct answer to the question can be given. But if it be possible to answer it either in the affirmative or negative, a very material fact will be gained by such answer. Should it appear either that no appointment has been made, or that, though made, it has been inoperative in point of precedence, or that for any reason it is impossible to entertain the matter either way, then I should request you to state the grounds upon which, *independent of precedents*, you deem

the right maintainable. Perhaps the best way will be for you to draw up a case fully, as if it were to be laid before counsel for opinion; because in fact that is the first step to be taken, and I am sure you will at once acquit me of the least disrespect towards you or doubt of the soundness and value of your own opinion when I add that our reporting upon the case here, in our official capacity, is quite a matter of course. It is scarcely necessary to add that *your* opinion will have the greatest weight with us in forming our own. When we shall have so reported, even should it appear that the right is doubtful, it will still be a question whether it ought not to be claimed, and exercised by making the appointments. But, first of all, it is necessary to make our report upon the right, and such a statement as I have above described will enable us immediately to do so.

"I beg leave again to express the unfeigned respect with which

"I have the honour to be

"Your faithful and obedient servant,

"H. BROUGHAM.

"P.S.—In reference to what you say about Mr. Pt.*, I beg leave to assure you that I have had no communication whatever with him upon the subject, nor indeed with any person—except yourself and Sir H. Parnell—in Ireland."

The further letters that passed on this subject seem to have been lost. O'Connell never became the Irish Attorney-General of the wretched Queen Caroline.

Of our five remaining samples of Brougham's unpublished correspondence, lying before us in his peculiarly clear and bold handwriting, two are not marked with year and day, and the wrappers of these are not preserved to supply the omission, as is the case with some others. The following letter has crumbled away in portions:—

"HILL-STREET,

"Wednesday.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have made my application in the matter of which we talked, and I am sorry to say that it has entirely failed. Things are in a perfectly different position with regard to all the parties since last winter, when I was [? down] with them. I have lost no time in letting you know the result (which I only learnt an hour ago), in case a delay might prevent other steps from being taken.

"Since I had the pleasure of seeing you, I have considered the important measure which we shortly discussed—I mean the Petition to be heard by counsel and witnesses. I still think that it is advisable to ask it, and that, if granted, the effect would be very great. But I am desirous of conferring further with Mr. Abercromby and one or two other friends before I finally make up my mind. On a matter

* Plunket?

of such extraordinary importance I want to hear the objections which may be urged against it, which certainly have not occurred to myself.

"Believe me,

"Yours very truly,

"H. BROUGHAM."

The next letter is only dated "House of Lords, Thursday." The very meek and respectful demeanour recommended to the unemancipated Catholics of Ireland belongs to a time long before "Slievegullion" had sung :

"The hour is past to fawn and crouch
Like suppliants for our right ;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might."

"HOUSE OF LORDS,

"Thursday.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have just had the honour to receive your very satisfactory letter, and *Ld. P.* being in the House I communicated what you wished to reach him. The affairs are great and arduous, but with patience and moderation tempering our firmness, I feel sanguine as to a good result upon the whole matter.

"I shall again write what I hear and what occurs as fit to be suggested to you whose local knowledge must decide.

"But in the meantime I feel confident you will excuse me for calling your best attention to our great—I would willingly hope, our only remaining difficulty—the unfortunate scruples and alarms in a very high quarter. Everything that can increase those—everything that can even give our enemies a handle for working on these—is to be avoided as most fatal. It must rivet your chains, and disarm us, your friends here, of all power to serve you in peace and quiet.

"I think a very little forbearance is most necessary at this moment—when you may be the means of restoring your adversaries to power, and I rely on you, with the aid of Mr. Sheil and others of deserved weight in your body and in the empire at large, to direct all things at this critical moment, with a view to give no alarm in any quarter, to so far respect the king's scruples as to hope and trust time may remove them, and to say nothing but what is conciliatory towards the Protestants and English. I don't think any sanguine expressions of speedy relief at all calculated to do good; but rather hopes of good from the steady progress of the great cause, and influence of Liberal great men.

"Yours, ever truly,

"H. BROUGHAM."

The letter which we have just given seems, from the subject of it,

to have immediately preceded the last of the following letters, namely, that which is dated February 12th, 1824.

"LONDON,

"June 12th, 1823.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have to express to you my high sense of the honour conferred on me, through your means, in being entrusted with the Petition to the Commons.

"The friends of the Roman Catholic body here all agree in regarding this application as highly precious, the subject-matter being at all times important, and especially at the present moment, and there being no doubt that, if a case can be made out of a general unfairness in administering justice between Catholic and Protestant, a most triumphant answer will be given to all who say that the Penal Laws and their consequences are no practical grievance to the body of the Roman Catholic people.

"Viewing it entirely in this light, as I have abandoned my own motion, which stood for next Wednesday, I have resolved, beside, presenting the Petition, to move on Wednesday next, 18th, that it be referred to the Grand Committee on Courts of Justice. This proceeding will afford full scope for discussion, and, whether we prevail or not, will do much practical good.

"In addition to the facts I already possess, I am desirous of receiving any other information which you may collect, illustrative of Lord Redesdale's position—that there are two kinds of Law and Justice in Ireland.

"Believe me to be

"Faithfully yours,

"H. BROUGHAM."

"LAMBTON,

"July 30, 1823.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I ought long ago to have acknowledged the great obligations under which you have laid me by the kind and far too partial manner in which you were pleased to mention me at the late meeting. I received the accounts while extremely busy on this circuit, at York, and I deferred writing until I should find a little time to express how sincerely I felt my debt of gratitude to you. One who has lived long in public life becomes very indifferent to ordinary praise and blame, but he learns the better how to prize the '*laudari a laudato*.' I never shall be able to repay the obligation, but I may endeavour to lighten it by tendering the currency you chiefly value: I mean my anxious efforts for your oppressed country and the interests of civil and religious liberty.

"Allow me now to explain why I postponed mentioning in the late discussion on the Chancellor, the important subject of your rank. I have met with no dissenting voice among either lawyers or political men upon the propriety of Lord W.* making a point of this; but those to whom I stated my opinion, while they concurred clearly and strongly, thought the mooted such a point *now* in Parliament might be made the pretext, if not be the cause, of the present *half-measuremen* in Dublin objecting to it. At all events, they deemed it fit to wait till next session before we broached the matter (which is one of some delicacy) publicly. To these arguments I yielded, knowing from experience the obstinate and powerful hostility of the Chancellor (Lord Eldon), a man who never hesitates or scruples when a real or supposed interest of his own is in question, whatever he may do when the interests of others require him to be decisive—one who to pursue his bigoted prejudices, or to gratify a personal pique, or to exercise his revenge in safety for wrongs which he may not have had the manliness to resist or to resent openly at the time (as in my case, at the Queen's trial), will have recourse to every kind of secret persecution. You would hardly believe the kind of *false pretences* to which he has been driven in vindicating himself from the charge of our bar here as to the withholding of my rank, and the total indifference he shows to the inconveniences he occasions both to the suitors and to the profession, including his own Tory partisans, whom he has thrown out of business for the sake of a last attempt (which has signally failed) to injure me. This bigotry on the Catholic question may produce the same effects in your case; resembling mine, as it does, in some respects, it will for that reason be the more odious in his eyes, and were I now to mention it, he would be fixed in personal opposition to it. Therefore, my wish is that you should have the matter brought before Lord Wellesley, by the suggestion of some common friend, and that he should urge it before anything is said in Parliament. If this fails, then next session it must be brought forward, as part of the case, which we all look forward to with much expectation and unabated zeal.

"I remain ever, my dear sir,

"Most faithfully your obliged servant,

"H. BROUGHAM."

"LINCOLN'S INN,

"February 12, 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"After the best consideration I have been able to give the important subject of the petition, I remain of my first opinion: that it will be very beneficial to the Catholic question if the House of

* Marquis Wellesley.

Commons allows you both to be heard by counsel and to give evidence at the Bar. This evidence will be especially useful in showing the practical operation of the Penal Laws, and of the state of division upon religious grounds which those laws have in part created and almost entirely keep up. I do not say that the mere hearing by counsel, without evidence, would be of no importance; but it is from the inquiry carried on by examination of witnesses that I expect the most salutary consequences both to the question itself and to the interests of the Irish people generally.

"Almost everyone with whom I have conferred upon this matter agrees in this opinion.

"Believe me to be,

"Yours very faithfully,

"H. BROUGHAM."

In one of these letters Brougham speaks of the injustice done to O'Connell in withholding from him his proper rank at the bar. It was still several years before this injustice was remedied partially, when, writing from Dublin Castle, 19th December, 1831, "Mr. Taylor presents his compliments to Mr. O'Connell, begs to send him the Patent granting him *Præaudience*," &c. Before us lies this magnificent sheet of parchment which announces the fact in the most long-winded fashion possible: "William the Fourth, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and so forth, to all to whom these presents shall come, greeting. Know ye that we, of our special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, by and with the consent of our right trusty and right entirely beloved cousin and counsellor, Henry William, Marquis of Anglesey, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, our Lieutenant-General and General Governor of that part of our said United Kingdom called Ireland, and according to the tenor and effect of our Letter under our privy signet and royal sign manual bearing date at our Court of St. James's the twenty-first day of October last, in the second year of our reign, and now enrolled in the Rolls of our High Court of Chancery in Ireland, have given and granted and by these presents do give and grant unto our trusty and well-beloved Daniel O'Connell, Esquire, Barrister-at-law, *præaudience*, place and precedence of all other our council learned in the law, next and immediately after our attorney-general, our solicitor-general, and our first and second sergeants-at-law in Ireland, in all places and upon all occasions as well in our courts as elsewhere in that part of our said United Kingdom called Ireland; and moreover of our more abundant special grace, certain knowledge and mere motion, by and with the advice and consent aforesaid, we have given and granted and by these presents we do give and grant unto the said Daniel O'Connell full and the like liberty of sitting and practising within the bar in all our

courts within that part of our said United Kingdom called Ireland, as any of our council learned in the law there do or may use or exercise—to have, hold, enjoy, and exercise the said præaudience, place and precedence and liberty of sitting and practising within the bar as aforesaid unto the said Daniel O'Connell during our pleasure. And our further will and pleasure is that these our letters patent or the enrolment hereof shall be in all things firm, good, valid, sufficient and effectual in the law, and that the same or the enrolment hereof shall be allowed in all our courts and in all other places whatsoever within that part of our said United Kingdom called Ireland. Provided always that our letters patent be enrolled in the Rolls of our High Court of Chancery in Ireland within the space of six calendar months next ensuing the date of these presents. In witness whereof we have caused these our letters to be made patent. Witness Henry William Marquis of Anglesey, our Lieutenant General and General Governor of Ireland, at Dublin the fourth day of November in the second year of our reign."

As the list of fees payable for this document (which is signed by the Earl of Granard) has chanced to survive for more than half a century, we suppose there will be no impropriety in handing it over to the tender mercies of our printers.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq.

Grant of Præaudience.

His Majesty's Letter	£14	1	3
Lord Lieutenant's Warrant for Fiant	4	17	4
Attorney-General for Fiant	4	16	8
Lord Lieutenant, signing Fiant	0	12	6
Entering Fiant in Docket Office	1	11	3
Entering Fiant in Privy Seal Office	1	15	10
Office Keeper	0	5	0
The Lord Chancellor and his Secretary	1	13	8
The Clerk of the Hanaper and his Deputy	6	16	9
Entering Patent in Rolls Office	1	4	7
Vice-Treasurer for entering and placing...			
Passing the business through the several Offices	5	5	0
	£42	19	10
Stamp	50	0	0
Inspecting Stamp	0	1	0
	£93	0	10

COMPENSATION.

BY ETHEL TANE.

I MET her but now in a sunshiny street,
 (We were classmates once—long ago—),
Her footsteps kept time with four miniature feet,
 Indulgently gentle and slow;
Her eyes were as soft, and her voice more sweet
 Than the maiden's I used to know.

But glances and tones may be lovable yet,
 And fair cheeks may have faded quite,
And care its significant traces have set
 On a forehead once smooth and white,
And the golden hair, one can ne'er forget,
 May no longer glitter so bright.

"We have lost thee forever, beautiful face!"
 I mused with a stirring of pain.
"The seasons are robbers who never replace;
 We search for dead roses in vain;"
Then dropping my eyes from her faded grace,
 They were met by the children twain.

Two faces as fair as their mother's had been—
 The peach-blossom's exquisite hue;
Two foreheads, each crowned with a glorious sheen,
 Four white-lidded eyes, deep and blue.
O Beauty! Immortal! 'Tis thus, bright queen,
 You traverse the centuries through.

A NIGHT AT RAJGHUR.

BY C. C. L., LATE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

I. NUSIRABAD AND RAJGHUR.

BOUNDED on the north by the provinces of Moultan and Lahore, on the south by Gujerat and Malwah, on the east by Delhi, and on the west by Scinde, lies the wide territory of Rajpootana, embracing from north to south about 350 miles, with an average breadth of 200 miles.

The children of the soil are the Rajpoots or Rajputras (sons of rajahs or princes), a stout, warlike, handsome race, with Jewish nose and type of feature. Tradition, if it differs in details, yet agrees in conferring on them a divine origin. One *trustworthy* account runs thus: When, in days of yore, the Vedantic religion was at its lowest ebb, Brahma himself appeared to his disconsolate priests and bade them sprinkle the sacred fire with water from the Ganges. From this hymeneal union he promised to raise a caste of warriors, under whose prowess the sacred religion would revive with pristine splendour. To hear was to obey: the fire yet hissed and spluttered, when, lo! from out the smouldering ashes sprang forth an armed Rajpoot!

Another, perhaps more reliable, version affirms them to be children of the sun and moon, in memory of which origin many still wear a necklace of gold stamped with the image of the sun and moon on horseback. Are the Puranas to be credited, this illustrious race dates back some 2,256 years before the Christian era.

Obscure, even doubtful, as these historic claims may seem to an English reader, the Rajputs, nevertheless, remain, up to the present, persuaded of their truth. Accordingly they ever seek to distinguish themselves from all other tribes by rank and pride of birth. Reduced in power, circumscribed in territory, and despoiled of much of their splendour and dignity, they have not lost an iota of the haughty bearing that arises from the knowledge of their celestial lineage. By a military officer, well versed in Indian character, they are described as a combination of martial virtues, romantic fidelity, scrupulous honour and an overbearing pride, the parent at once of the noblest deeds and the deepest crimes with which their history is stained.

Much of this barbaric chivalry is doubtless due to stormy political events; much, however, to the nature of the land, for the most part better adapted to chase and war than to peaceful agriculture. For in the east and north lie extensive regions of arid and dismal wilderness. The rest of the province is generally a barren and sandy soil, in many

parts covered by thorny bushes and thickets of the cactus, while, here and there, are found mountainous tracts, rising, as between Marwar and Mewar, to 2,000 feet, and at Aboo to 6,000 feet above the sea-level.

Over these vast but unfruitful plains, the exiled Briton may yet stalk his deer by hundreds, or, if he prefer the wild free gallop with spear in hand, may ride down the tusked boar; while, should the excessive heat disincline him for these rougher exercises, he may saunter, gun on shoulder, through jungle, field, or parching stream, certain to fill bag from the wild birds and small game that abound in these romantic spots. In the midst of this, for the most part independent, territory is situate the *chaoni*, or camp of Nusirabad, corrupted by traditional military discontent into "Nothing-so-bad." About twelve miles distant from Ajmere, it is built on either side of the main road, running from the latter town to the military station of Deesa.

Should the reader accept our services as *cicerone*, he will quickly master the topography of the camp. See! At its entrance you have on both hands the quarters of the Bombay Light Cavalry. Now, advance a little. Glance down the central road running straight through the camp. Observe, to the left, that series of white-washed, straw-thatched, verandahed bungalows, with compound, garden, and out-houses. They are the residences of the British officials: the Executive Engineer, the Chief of the Commissariat, the Cantonment Magistrate, and lastly, the Brigadier Commanding. Behind these, but hidden from your view, stands the native town. What is it like? Well, picture to yourself a maze of mud-walls, flat-roofed dwellings, white-washed or daubed with gaudy colours, then dirty shops and dirtier streets! Let all teem with Rajputs, Brahmins, Fakirs, Parsees, and Mussulmans; with half-clothed forms, black faces, ochre-dyed beards, tika'd foreheads, gay turbans, with spears, swords, and antique guns; with the vermilion-smeared idol, and the golden-tipped sacred cow; with the closed palanquin and the coy Indian damsel, carrying on her head the pitcher to the well; with the rough, shaggy *tat*, or the ambling palfrey, richly caparisoned. Shed over this fantastic throng the brilliant sunlight; tone down with dust and clouds of flies; mingle with it squalid, naked urchins, the hideous hairless buffalo, gaunt cows and gaunter dogs, that fight with the vulture for the carrion in the streets, adding by their barks and howls to the babel of voices and native music that rend the air from morn till late at night, and you see before you a native town!

Now, step to this gap in the wall. Behold, in rear of all, a silent, boundless, sandy waste, with a rare, but occasional, cluster of huts, scarcely visible in the distance. On nearer inspection you would find these surmounted by conical roofs, and encircled by a hedge of prickly

pear or of thorny branches, planted firmly in the ground. They are Indian villages.

But let us return to the road, and strolling slowly onwards, inspect the opposite or right side of the camp.

These first buildings are the barracks of the European Infantry ! This open spot is the site of the Roman Catholic chapel. Near it are the assembly-rooms, used as theatre, ball-room, lecture-hall, or even betting-ring, according to the season of the year. Further on you mark a spot of cultivated ground. It is called, from the benefactor's name, "F——'s Pride," and is for the benefit of married soldiers. Does it not give grateful relief to the eye, wearied with the glare reflected from the ubiquitous sand and stone ? It is a miniature oasis. Now a few steps forward, and before you are the barracks, stables, workshops, park, and magazine of the Royal Artillery. Mark where the battery is drawn up ! It is the fatal spot where many an officer was shot down during the outbreak of 1857.

Notice, too, how the main road here divides. In the one direction it holds the original course, and after passing the Native Infantry lines, which are there, at the lower end of the camp, it will separate the racecourse from some rising ground, called Artillery-hill, and then, over a small bridge, away it will stretch, far as eye can reach, towards the south. On the other hand, you see it branches off, pierces the camp almost at right angles, and leaving, to the right, the *Dormitorium Christianorum*, where sleep the victims of war and pestilence, it later on skirts Rajghur and then speeds away to the distant Deesa.

This right side of the cantonment is, as you have already divined, the military front of the camp. Before it extends the *maidan*, the usual exercising-ground. In scanning this *champ-de-mars* the eye rests but once on luxuriant vegetation. It is the Government Garden, winning an essentially Oriental charm from that clump of palms which rises, tall and majestic, from its midst.

Leaving this, your glance traverses in unbroken sweep, a broad scarce-cultured plain of sand and barren ground, and meets a mountain range, distant some six or seven miles. Lofty and bold is this rocky background. Wild gorges, where the hot air stagnates ; gullies and deep ravines, where the *cheetas* find a lair ; masses of jagged rock, rough, rugged forms, bizarre shapes, vast and uncouth, piled up in grim and desolate grandeur. A gigantic historic monument, engraved with many a fierce scar and deep-rent seam, mementoes of the savage usage Dame Nature has here suffered.

Round these sky-cinctured heights floats the azure ocean of the eastern heavens, at eve and morn casting such a harmony of light and shadow, such a rich play of changing colour, over these lifeless features of stone that they seem to gather something of the speaking beauty of the living countenance.

Romantically nestled in a broken mountain pass, on the banks of a small mountain lake, amid cliff and crag and brakes of wild cactus, lies the picturesque hamlet of Rajghur—the scene of the incident about to be related. From a few native cots the thin wood smoke may be seen trembling up in wreaths of faintest blue, distinctly visible against the dark adamantine walls around. Perched on a lofty point and looking down over the village and its silent lake, hangs a miniature fort, the seat of the late Rajah of Rajghur.* At the mouth of the glen a ruinous stone portal marks the entrance of a rough, sinuous path, leading to the village and its stronghold. To the right of this road, and built on the very borders of the lake already referred to, is a small bungalow, the property of the officers at Nusirabad. A carefully tended garden, a shady belt of trees, and the water glittering through a screen of foliage give the whole the appearance of a tiny sylvan retreat. It is, in fact, a favourite country *rendezvous*, when the summer heat renders the camp almost intolerable. Here, doubtless, many an hour has been passed in soldier-dreams of fame and glory, or in an ephemeral forgetfulness of the dull routine of reality in the sparkling fiction of romance; here, too, many a forenoon has been wiled away in building *Spanische Dörfer* † from the smoke of the Trinchinopoly, or in watching the lucid shadows brooding on the still waters, until a faint breeze, coming one knows not whence, steals softly down the mountain side, breaks the mirrored pageantry, and singing in whispers through the trees dies away again as if by magic. An enchanter's power have these mountain zephers in changing the pictures of fancy painted thus in sounds and shadows! A magic fertility in leading over the scene a constant march of the fair forms and familiar voices that crowd the halls of an exile's memory.

From this sequestered haunt to the busy camp is a distance of some seven or eight miles by the road, but should the traveller strike across country, relinquishing the common track for a pathless waste of sand and stone, he may, perchance, win a mile.

But now, most patient reader, resume thy seat, for thou hast already a local information that, if more than necessary for our tale, will yet render thee familiar with the folk and scenery amid which the first act is played.

Listen, then, for we now commence according to the most approved maxim—*ab ovo*. The year, then, is 187—; the time, early morning; the weather, breathless and sultry. The morning parade was over

* An active rebel during the Mutiny, he was, on the success of the English, reduced to beggary. His son, the present young rajah, has even, it is said, been seen gathering sticks to exchange in the Bazaar for the bare necessities of life. Later on, the English Government, generous even to a fallen enemy, pensioned the Ranee, and received her royal son into the government College of Ajmere.

† "Castles in the air."

the stables, ended ; the business of the orderly-room despatched ; the men's breakfasts visited ; and hot and tired, under a sun already disagreeably high, I was strolling back to my bungalow. Across my path stood a small Mahomedan mosque—a dome, arched in Moorish style, with fretted coping, stone floor, and whitewashed interior, the whole surrounded by a low kutcha built wall. Passing by this, my eye fell on the prostrate form of a Mahomedan. The carpet of prayer was spread out, and on this he knelt. His feet were bare ; the sandals lay, with the turban, on the ground ; the loose white garment that formed his dress was rolled back at the sleeves, and displayed a pair of sinewy muscular arms ; round the waist was bound a rough cord, supporting a long native dagger ; from his neck hung a string of devotional beads. His face was turned towards Mecca ; the open hands were extended in a line with the ears, after the manner prescribed by the prophet ; and he was chanting in low but passionate tones Arabic verses of the Koran.

Actuated by I know not what reason, I stood and watched the man in silence. The sound of my arrested steps probably disturbed his devotion, for he turned abruptly and eyed me with a look of gloomy displeasure. I returned his gaze with indifference. The shade of annoyance grew deeper on his face, the eyebrows knit, and a flash of anger lit up the dark orbs : the whole expression struck me as that of deep fanaticism. Nettled a little at the fellow's bearing, and curious also to observe the workings of religious passion, I addressed him in Hindustani, and turned the conversation on religion. A few innocent but joking remarks on the prophet roused the man to such a pitch of fury, that, half-regretting the course of action that I had taken, I bade him a conciliatory "Good-day," and, quitting the mosque, passed on to my quarters. Here, hastily laying aside my uniform for a lighter and cooler dress, I sprang on my horse and cantered over to breakfast at the mess, the encounter with the Mahomedan already nearly forgotten, and yet how much anxiety was that interview to cause me within the next twenty-four hours !

II. THE WARNING.

THERE is something in an English breakfast-table that makes it an essential constituent of our charming family life. It is here the members of the family-circle meet to exchange the first cordialities of the day ; here the incidents of the evening are reviewed ; slight differences of feeling, which the night has given time to cool, are made good by a kiss, a smile, a heartier greeting ; and here, when the politics of Europe, the condition of the country, and the state of the weather, have been duly discussed, the events of the day are arranged, as much as possible, to the mutual satisfaction of all.

Now, military society has much resemblance with family life. It is but natural that men who live more or less together, who acknowledge the same authority, who possess the same sympathies and interests, and who feel that not only the fair name of all, but even the life of every member may one day hang on the strength of muscle, the courage and honour of a comrade, should rapidly acquire the sentiments of esteem and affection which are natural to those who are allied by the ties of birth and blood. This being so, the reader will readily understand with what mutual goodwill, with what readiness to oblige one another, and with what desire to arrange the day to the satisfaction of all, our small party of the R.A. daily assembled at the *hasira* or Indian breakfast. I have written "our small party," for such, indeed, we were.

There was the senior subaltern, P——, "dismal Jimmie,"* as we so unjustly called him; then the jolly Irish doctor, C——, a second subaltern, my unworthy self, and lastly, the talented but unfortunate major, F—— : five all told, for the third subaltern was on sick leave in Europe, our captain a married man, and in the absence of a "Vet.," we had to add our joint experiences to those of the farrier-sergeant.

On the morning in question the subaltern, doctor, and major were busily engaged discussing curries, game, and eggs, when I entered the room.

We had already met in the office, so my first words were a call to the mess-butler for a peg with plenty of *baraf* or ice.

Drowning in this medicinal draught the feelings of lassitude and thirst occasioned by the morning work, I sat down to do justice to the meal and to take my part in the conversation, which at such times was wont to be pretty lively.

We had taken "a rise" out of the good-humoured C.O., chaffed the doctor, settled a question of military law, glanced through the *Pioneer*, and were on the point of breaking up, when I remembered a plan which I had that morning formed on the parade-ground.

"P——," said I, speaking across the table to my fellow-subaltern opposite, "do me a favour?"

P—— nodded, he was not a man of many words.

"Well, then," I continued, "take my guard for the night, like a good fellow."

"Heh!" interrupted the doctor, "What's up, then?"

"Nothing," replied I, "I'm only tired of living among you chatterboxes, and am off to Rajghur to try a day's silence."

"Well, upon my honour!" broke forth C——. "If that's not a

* My good-natured comrade of former days will certainly pardon my repeating a *sobriquet* that I here confess to have been most unjust.

crying insult on dismal Jimmie, and on my own character, as a grave professional M.D. Chatterboxes, by Jove !”

But paying no further attention to this indignant tirade, I turned away and said: “I suppose, major, there’ll be no difficulty in my having leave for the night?”

The turbulent character of the surrounding people rendered a special permission of the brigadier necessary.

“Oh, none at all,” he answered; “leave it to me. When do you want to start?”

“The sooner the better,” rejoined I; “this afternoon I’ll despatch my *scyces* to Rajghur with provisions. After the evening mess I’ll ride over, send the horses back, and the *ghorrawalla* can bring them again to-morrow evening.”

“All right,” said the major; “I’ll see to the leave.”

“Good-bye, then, till evening, all of you,” I cried, and rising from the table I escaped from the room, pursued by the voice of the doctor denouncing my plan as nothing less than desertion.

Arrived at my bungalow I found the daily native *moonshees* waiting to expound the beauties of the *Bagh-o-Bahar*, and the astounding tales of the *Baital Pachisi* or Twenty-five Devils. This latter book he was perusing as I entered; but he at once laid it down, and, salaaming after Oriental fashion, looked significantly at me, then at the door, then again at me, and laying his finger on his lips, bent his head to the side in the attitude of one burdened with a weighty affair, then remained regarding me in silence.

“Well now, what’s wrong?” I inquired with a smile. “Have you seen a *baital*?”

“Nahin, *sahib*, no *baital*,” said he; “but, *sahib*, *khubar da*—take care! The Mahomedans in the bazaar are in a frenzy. You jested at one of their holy men in the mosque; you laughed at the prophet, blessed be his beard. Oh, take care, *sahib*, or you will be attacked.”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed I.

“Not at all,” he answered. “Credit me, there’s many a Mussulman would deem he died a martyr’s death if hung for the murder of one that mocked his religion. Be prudent, *sahib*, or their threats will certainly be fulfilled.”

“Indeed,” responded I; “then see what waits them,” and drawing my pistol-case across the table I took out the revolver. “Here,” said I, pointing to the loaded chambers, “these are for the first six; the seventh will probably leave the prophet to fight his own battle. Nevertheless, thanks for the caution, I will try and be more prudent in future. And now,” I added, “I am going away for a short time, so the Dervishes and the *baitals* must wait until the day after to-morrow.”

The *moonshees* then rose, salaamed, and with another “*Lekin khubar da, sahib!*” to which I scarcely attended, his shadow fell on the threshold and he was gone.

III. NIGHT.

It was almost ten o'clock, as booted and spurred, I stood in the well-lighted messroom, drinking a stirrup-cup, exchanging meanwhile a fire of small chaff with our excellent Dr. C——. Without, the crescent moon cast a flood of light on the white *chunam* of the veranda, and silvered the dusky wings of the bats, as, attracted by the light, they noiselessly flitted before the open windows. To the hubbub and bustle of the day had succeeded the strange stillness of the Eastern night; and, as I stepped into the open air, I experienced its full influence.

The vaulted heaven, lit up by Nature's lamps, revealed an unfathomable depth that inspired me with something of that awful, overpowering sensation, which is ever experienced in the presence of the magnificent.

"It is, indeed, true," thought I, "that, as a French writer remarks, 'On earth the Supreme Seigneur has wrought but a few rough and imperfect traits of his grandeur; but in the heavens! *Voilà!* the veritable, the only theatre of his magnificence. There alone is He magnificent!'"

"Impossible to feel Atheist on such a night!" was my almost involuntary exclamation.

"True, indeed," replied my companion, changing his lighter tone to one of earnestness with that ready tact that marks the man of high spirits, yet good sense, and which distinguishes him from the light, frothy, and superficial society wit;—"true, indeed,

" 'The heavens are telling the glory of God,'

You know the rest," he added, humming the air of Haydn's celebrated chorus.

A press of the hand, a hearty "Good-bye, old fellow," and I was in the saddle and away.

My horse, a chestnut arab, Enchanter, a noted pigsticker, bore me rapidly through the camp. A challenge from the stable picket, and I had crossed the lines. The walls of the cemetery shimmered before me, its monumental columns and tombstones standing gaunt and weird in the moonlight, "Symbols," observed I to myself, "of human frailty." How delicate, indeed, is the thread on which our life hangs—the false step of a horse, a fall, the rupture [of a bloodvessel, a pistol-shot, a sabre-cut, even the most trivial accident, and that fibre is snapped for ever! And yet, how we live for the day, and how few of us give a thought to the endless future."

So moralising, I closed my legs to the horse's side, and struck off at a canter along the sand that bordered the road. The rapid motion, the beauty of the scene, and, more perhaps than all, its solitude, soon

banished these serious thoughts which filled my mind. On me, indeed, loneliness on a grand scale had then, as ever, an exhilarating rather than a depressing influence. Be it that the absence of companionship removed those restraints which society imposes on all; be it that the free and unbounded nature touched a respondent chord within my own breast. Or did, perhaps, my position call up joyous *souvenirs* of days when, in the full tide of youth and pleasure, I had climbed the Alps, roamed through the dark Harz forests, with their wizard Brocken-Berg, and shot and fished amid the woods and lakes of Sweden; or was it one of those inexplicable sentiments which puzzle the psychologist? I know not. Certain it was that my spirits rose to unwonted height as I rode forward under the beams of a moon that poured

“ Her chasten’d radiance on the scene below ;
And hill, and dale, and glen
Drank the pure flood of light !”

For some time I continued along the high road until, finding its prosaic flatness little in consonance with the buoyancy of my feelings, I turned abruptly off across the waste highland. The way grew wilder at every step. Rough boulders and dark shadows covered my path, and compelled me to pick my way with care. Under the magic touch of the moonlight Nature completely changed her aspect. I was in the midst of fairyland. The dry and withered herbage was transformed into plants of silver growth; every hole and hollow of the ground seemed like a black, threatening fissure in the earth. The mouldering splintered rocks, terraced, embattled, and pinnaced by the contrast of light and shade, took the appearance of castellated palaces, lofty white towers, antique fortifications, walls and long arcades, chiselled and fretted with all the graceful lightness of Moorish architecture. I rode through a rich but abandoned city.

So altered, indeed, was the country’s look that, familiar as its bearings were, I had yet to make many a halt in order to ascertain my whereabouts. A large but long since disused and ruined tank now lay before me; the bottom, hidden in the deepest shadow, gave the reservoir the appearance of a yawning abyss. One side alone of its dilapidated walls was lighted up, and, in the distorting moonlight, the gaps and crevices wrought by time seemed the fit lurking places of those elfs and ghouls which, according to the extravagance of Oriental literature, are doomed to haunt such spots. The sudden flight of a night-bird from a cranny in the masonry, its ill-boding cry and instantaneous disappearance in the darkness below, almost caused me to start as at the apparition of one of these fabulous spirits. I laughed aloud at my own folly, but the mountains gave back such a strange, unearthly chuckle that, despite myself, the laughter died away in a dry cough.

"After all," I exclaimed, patting Enchanter's neck till he snorted, "thou, poor brute, art to-night more sensible than I."

"Than I, I, I," mimicked back a hundred voices, as if the rocks were alive with goblin sprites; and unwilling to converse longer with these mocking denizens of the waste, I rode forward in silence.

Another twenty minutes brought me to the path leading up to the archway before mentioned. Here I could press my horse into a trot. The gloomy portal rose before me. A minute later I was swallowed up in the pitchy darkness which the impending rock cast over the way.

Enchanter stumbled slowly on. The neigh of a horse, startled at our approach, told me that I had arrived at my journey's end. I shouted for the *scyee*, whom I knew to be rolled up in his blanket hard by.

"*Ata, sahib!*" and he was at my side.

Dismounting, I handed him my charger, and, with an order to return on the following evening, dispatched him to camp.

For a few minutes there was the tramping of the horses, an occasional fiery spark as the iron shoes struck the stone, a sullen rumble as the pair passed under the vaulted gateway, and then a perfect silence. I was alone. A curious feeling it is, this being alone in darkness and solitude. The first impression is that of one's smallness and insignificance compared with the gloomy grandeur around; the second, a consciousness of one's greatness and importance as sole master of the position; the third, a vague, unreasonable doubt in regard to the "cannyness" or "uncannyness" of the surroundings. Through all these stages I passed, as, entering the garden, I found my way to the terrace overlooking the lake. The last rays of the waning moon silvered the dark mountain crest, a few gleams reflected and played on the motionless waters below; from a cleft in the rocks a narrow stream of moonlight fell on the dark foliage around me, illuminating it with a brilliancy surpassing that of the brightest artificial light, and rendering faintly visible the crimson hue of the pomegranates planted several paces distant.

I could have stood gazing on the scene before me till the last beam of the sinking luminary had vanished; but it was already late, and I was tired; so, proceeding to the bungalow, I entered the outward apartment and passed through into an inner chamber—my sleeping-room for the night. Here I kindled the small "*buti*," or simple oil-lamp, the usual watcher throughout the night—indeed, a necessary precaution against the dangers arising from snakes and other venomous reptiles.

After the customary preparations for the night, I threw myself, clad in *pygamahs* and a light loose jacket, on the couch, and in a few minutes fell into that drowsy, semi-conscious state which precedes sound sleep.

How long I had thus lain I know not. But on a sudden I became indistinctly aware of a noise in the adjoining chamber; still I dozed on. Again the sounds of movement fell on my ear, and produced a feeling of uneasiness. Was it a dream? Half-slumbering as I was, it was difficult to distinguish between the phantasmata of sleep and those of wakefulness. Yet, surely, the noise was there again! With an effort, I threw off the weariness that was deadening every nerve and sense, and listened. Something was certainly moving in the next room, but what? Was it a hyena or jackal that had found its way in through the open door or windows, and was bent on stealing my morrow's meal? A moment's attention sufficed to destroy this idea. It was a methodical motion; it was the cautious step of one ignorant of the locality groping his way towards the lighted doorway of my bedroom. That person was now in the centre of the room; I heard the round table creak as his hand touched it, and then all was still, as if he had paused to remark whether the sound had caused the slumberer to stir. The next minute, I knew, he might be at the door and then——! I lay still and motionless; but the thoughts flashed with lightning speed through my brain. The last words of the *moonshee* suddenly rang upon my ear: "*Sahib, khubar da!*" Was it, then, the fanatic devotee? Had I been tracked here to be attacked alone, defenceless? My revolver I had left in camp, and my only weapon was a hunting-knife, a six-inch, double-edged blade, the present of an old Radley school crony. This lay on the chair at my bedside. Noiselessly I grasped and drew the dagger. In less time than this takes to write, half a dozen plans had been reviewed. Should I gently rise and station myself at the door, ready to grasp the intruder by the throat as he entered? But it was impossible to do so without causing sufficient noise to betray me; besides, in the present position of the lamp, my shadow must necessarily fall across the doorway. Should I, perhaps, throw off all disguise, and advance boldly into the next room to meet the unknown? But was not this imprudence? Were he an aggressor, he would be covered by the obscurity, whereas I, with the light at my back, should be fully exposed to an attack. What if I sprang from the bed, and jumping through the open window, either into the lake below or into the garden, made the best of my way on foot to the camp? But then if it should prove a false alarm! Even a practical joke of one anxious to test my mettle! No; one of the R. A. was not going to show the white feather! I would face the matter out, and, as I had chaffed the Moslem, would now give him *l'amende honorable*, if he it should prove to be.

Resolved to see the affair to an end, I was yet fully alive to the prudence of concealing my vigilance from my nocturnal visitor. I therefore continued to lie as if asleep, the knife concealed under the

broad sleeve of my jacket, my eyes imperfectly closed and watching the doorway as a cat the rat-hole.

Convinced apparently that the creaking of the wood had not disturbed my sleep, the *incognito* again advanced. A few muffled steps, and he was at the door; a pause, and then a black head was thrust round the door-post. I continued still motionless, but with every nerve braced and my heart beating unpleasantly loud. The dark visage seemed to regard me attentively; then its owner moved its body further round the door-post, raised the left leg as if to advance. But the time had now come. With a bound I was on the floor; my knife, grasped and pointed upwards, was concealed behind my arm, but ready to strike.

"*Kaun ho ?*" (Who are you ?) I asked, with all the coolness at my disposal.

The man was startled at the suddenness of my movements. Was there in that naked, sinewy form before me something that reminded me of the Mussulman at the Mosque ? Did those swarthy, but, through the flickering oil-lamp, scarce distinguishable, features resemble those of the fanatic whose anger I had that morning aroused ? I could not with certainty tell, for at the very moment when I most required light, an awkward moth fluttered near the burning wick, and falling into the oil almost extinguished the feeble flame. The room was now almost dark. Yet in the more than twilight gloom I thought, in the position of the intruder, to distinguish something that bid me be on my guard;—the fellow seemed to be carefully hiding his right side and arm from view.

Again, and this time with more of command, I repeated my question "*Kaun ho ?*" Without altering his posture the fellow replied :

"*Mainne buti dekha hai* (I saw light), and came to see who was here."

During his answer I had been measuring his figure, as well as the deep obscurity permitted. He was taller and more powerfully built than myself, and if armed with a native talwar or sword, I knew my chief chance of success in a combat lay in the unexpectedness of my attack. I kept my eyes, therefore, steadily fixed on his attitude. An advance, a threatening gesture, and I had sprung at his neck; a movement of resistance would then have sufficed to make me force the dagger home at the spot I already marked with my eye.

As he ceased speaking, I said: "*Main hun*" (I am here).

But he stirred not.

"Now, *jao !*" ejaculated I, authoritatively, motioning him to retire.

He hesitated, and then without a reply, without even uncovering his right side the fellow disappeared. I heard his steps pass through the room and into the garden; then all was again still as death.

What was now to be done ? Should I dress and walk the seven miles to camp ? But if this were in reality a villainous scheme of

revenge, such a course would be to throw myself into the hands of an assassin who, did he yet lurk in the garden, could strike me down in the darkness, without my being able to lift a hand in self-defence. To use the lake as a way of escape would be, at that season of the year, to run the risk of stifling in the mud—a death more ignominious than that at the hands of a fanatic Moslem. Besides, should the whole prove to be nothing more than a harmless fright, how ludicrous would appear my return to camp!

For the second time, then, I determined to remain. Accordingly, I trimmed the lamp and sat down on the bed, the hunting-knife still in my hand, and ruminated.

“Well,” pondered I, “if solitude has its charms, it is not without its defects; and a comrade with a stout heart and a ready hand may often stand us in good stead at an hour when danger is least expected.”

With this and similar reflections I tried to shorten the slow-pacing hours preceding dawn. But the silence of the room, the fatigue of the preceding day, and the excitement of the past hour gradually brought with them a reaction. I lent on my elbow to relieve my weariness; once or twice I started up to resume my watch; and then, I know not how, I sank back, and fell into a troubled dream:—I was at Dublin; in the mail-train careering swiftly on for Kingstown; in the *coupe* sat one whose features, unseen for many years, rise before me as I pen these lines with all the charm and brightness of reality. We joined hands, for the time had come to say the last farewell. Ah! how cold, how stiff were those fingers! How that eye glanced in horror behind me! I turned. A black, shadowy figure leaned through the carriage-door. “*Kaun ho?*” I shouted, and at the same instant the Mussulman of the mosque was by my side. A dagger gleamed in his hand. I dashed my arm round to parry the blow. A crash!—and I awoke.

Drops of perspiration stood on my forehead; the cold, hard, handle of the hunting-knife was still in my grasp; the chair lay overturned; its fall had roused me, and my arm still smarted from the blow I had struck; the oil-lamp had burnt out, but the room was filled with sunlight: it was already morning.

I arose, confused and fatigued. Gradually the events of the foregoing night recurred to my mind, and I at once set out to search the outer room and garden.

Beyond the faint marks of footprints, not a trace remained to give me a clue to the nocturnal visitor, all was as solitary as usual. Below, the few scattered huts were breathing their violet smoke into the cloudless sky; from up the valley rose the distant voice of some water-drawer singing to his oxen, as they ascended and descended the incline by the well; around, the notes of the ring-doves in the trees, and the

hum of countless insects amid the flowers—these were the only signs of life that broke the customary silence of the spot.

Had perhaps a villager prompted by curiosity paid me this midnight visit? or had some poor devil, led by the hope of a paltry gain, tried his skill at burglary? or lastly, was it, indeed, the fanatic Moslem who, inspired by the demon of revenge, had planned a murderous scheme which Providence and the lightness of my sleep had frustrated? Heaven alone can tell.

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

A Patrick's Day Offering from Australia to the Old Land.

BY REV. WILLIAM KELLY, S.J.

THE tribute most dear to our Lord above
 Is drawn from man's Faith, and Hope, and Love—
 Whose centre and source and living shrine
 Are his Name, his Cross, and his Heart benign.
 With just proportion, in fair degree,
 Round the Isle of Saints, the gem of the sea,
 With hearts ever warm, with all strength, all mind,
 Are our Faith and our Hope, and our Love, entwined.

And believe we then in the Ancient Land?
 Fixes Hope her anchor in Erin's strand?
 Can changes alter, can years efface
 The Faith and Hope of old Irish race?
 Faithful to God, who made land and sea,
 True to herself shall old Ireland be!
 High hopes, fair fates, and a future grand
 Before our enraptured eyes expand.

Yes! we believe, and our trust is strong,
 That old Ireland at last shall right her wrong;
 'Midst her weeping skies the bow appears
 That proclaims the approach of brighter years—
 Shows the deluge of woe for ever gone by,
 Drives gloom from the heart, and cloud from the sky.
 Unbroken—unconquered—'tis surely just
 In this brave old race we should put staunch trust!

In Erin our faith is as bright and true
As the steel in the grasp of bold Boru ;
Our hopes shall fade, and our trust shall fall,
When fades remembrance of Limerick wall ;
When the splendours of Burke are lost in eclipse,
And Moore is a stranger to heart and lips ;
When Grattan shall sink to a powerless name,
And Daniel, the Lion shall cease to tame !

This is our faith—that no land on earth
Shall surpass the dear isle of our blood and birth ;
No sons shall be braver, more staunch, more sure,
No maidens be fairer, more constant, or pure ;
No sunlit shore, no isle of the sea,
Shall be happier, wiser, more true or free :
In genius and worth with all lands she shall cope—
Such Ireland's belief and her children's hope.

Faith, without Love, is cold and dead—
Without Love, even Hope will scant bestead :
Dear home of the shamrock, our joy, our pride,
Each zephyr that fans thee, each plash of thy tide,
Is the emblem, the echo, of movement sweet,
Ecstatic as music's soul-searching beat,
Of the throb, the wild pulse, and the yearning breast
To be stilled when pulse, throb, heart, find rest.

Love still we then, while life beats warm,
In joy as in sorrow, in sunshine and storm,
The land ever dearest, that honoured sod
Which our sainted forefathers' feet have trod ;
Press may our footprint Australian shore,
Round us the billows may surge and roar,
But o'er waves and winds soars our anthem free :
Green gem of the waters, thy children, we
Waft our Faith and our Hope, and our Love to thee

THE SONG OF THE PEAR-TREE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL FEVAL.

I.

AT the foot of our village stood a large pear-tree; in spring-time it resembled a stack of flowers. Opposite it, at the other side of the road, was the farmer's house with a stone gateway like that of a castle. The farmer's daughter was called Perrine.

We were engaged.

II.

She was sixteen years old. What roses there were on her cheeks!—as many as there were flowers on the pear-tree. It was under this pear-tree that I said to her: "Perrine, my Perrine, when shall our wedding be?"

III.

She laughed merrily. Her hair, which sported with the wind; her figure; her naked feet in her tiny sabots; her hands which pulled down a hanging branch, that she might inhale the sweet perfume of the pear-blossom; her pure forehead; her white teeth between her red lips.

Ah! I loved her so well! "Our wedding would be towards the harvest," she said, "if the emperor did not take me to be a soldier."

IV.

When the conscription came round, I burnt a candle at the shrine; for the idea of going far away from Perrine saddened my heart. Praised be the Holy Mother! I drew the highest number. But Jean, my foster-brother, was unlucky. I found him crying:—"My mother, my poor mother!"

V.

"Cheer up, Jean; I am an orphan." He did not wish to believe me when I said: "I will take your place." Perrine came to me beneath the pear-tree, with reddened eyes. Never had I seen her cry; but her tears were more beautiful than her smile.

She said to me: "Thou hast done well, and thou art good. Go, my Pierre; I shall wait for thee."

VI.

"*Right, left; right, left,*"—drums beating! "*To the front! March!*"

And thus we advanced as far as Wagram. Keep firm, Pierre! There is the enemy! I saw a line of fire. Five hundred cannons discharged in a moment, and the smoke was suffocating. My feet slipped on the bloody earth. I was frightened, and thought of the past.

VII.

Behind me lay France, and the village, and the pear-tree, whose flowers were now fruit. I shut my eyes and beheld Perrine praying for me. Praised be God! I shall be brave! To the front! To the front! Right, left! Present! fire! use the bayonet! Ah! ah! The conscript is acting well! "What is thy name, boy?" "Sire, I am called Pierre." "Pierre, I make thee brigadier."

VIII.

Perrine, O my Perrine! Brigadier! Hurrah for war! They are *êtes* these days of battle!

"Ten thousand thanks, sire!"

And we are before Moscow; but we shall go no further. In the vast tract of snow a road is made by the attenuated soldiery. Here is the river; there the enemy; on both sides death! "Who floated the first pontoon." "It was I, sire!"

"Always you, captain!"

He gave me his chevalier's cross.

IX.

Praised be God! Perrine, my Perrine, thou wilt be proud of me! The campaign is over. I have my leave. Sound the chimes, the bells for our marriage! The road is long, but hope travels quickly. Below, behind that mountain, lies my country.

I recognise the driver of the coach, and he tells me that the bells are ringing.

X.

They are ringing, indeed. But where is the pear-tree which used to bloom so richly in this month of flowers? Formerly its mass of blossoms was visible from a long distance, but now I cannot see it. And here is the place where it stood!—they have cut down the tree of my youthful hopes.

It had borne its flowers, its beautiful bright flowers! But its branches are lying broken and dying on the grass.

XI.

"Why do the chimes ring, Mathieu?" "For a wedding, captain."

Mathieu does not recognise me. A wedding! He spoke truly. The betrothed pair entered the porch of the church. The groom was my foster-brother, Jean. The bride was Perrine, my Perrine, more beautiful than ever.

XII.

The neighbours chatted around me, and told each other how loving the bridal pair were.

"But what of Pierre?" said I. "What Pierre?" they asked. They had forgotten me.

XIII.

I knelt down at the very end of the church, I prayed for Perrine, and I prayed for Jean, both of whom I loved. When Mass was over, I gathered a flower from the pear-tree, a poor dead flower, and I took again the road by which I had returned, without looking behind.

Praised be God! They love each other; they will be happy.

XIV.

"Thou art come back, Pierre."

"Yes, sire."

"Thou art twenty-two years of age, thou art colonel, and thou art chevalier. If thou likest, I will give thee a countess as a wife."

Pierre drew from his bosom the little dead flower, plucked from the ruined pear-tree.

"Sire, my heart is like that blossom. I wish for a place in the vanguard of battle, to die as a Christian soldier."

XV.

He had a place in the front rank. At the foot of the village there is a tomb of a colonel who died at the age of twenty-two, on the day of victory. On the stone, instead of a name, three words are inscribed "*Praised be God!*"

VERA.

THE NEWEST THING IN RITUALS.

General Booth of the Salvation Army has issued an edict that daily at half-past twelve o'clock, at the call of the bugle and roll of the drum, all "soldiers" shall make the sign of an S.

HOW the devil must laugh when this heretic scum
 For the Angelus-bell choose the roll of the drum,
 And, scorning the Cross of their Saviour to make,
 Tell of lying and sin by the sign of the Snake!

_____ Dm 529.10

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THE DITTAMONDO.

BY A DISCURSIVE CONTRIBUTOR.

II.

As already said, I was much struck by the assertion that Fazio degli Uberti in his travels in Ireland saw "certain lakes of various natures." Assuredly, thought I, if the Florentine poet beheld any of the inland waters of Hibernia's isle, his eyes must have rested on

"That dim lake
 Where sinful souls their farewell take
 Of this vain world, and half-way lie
 In Death's cold shadow, ere they die."

No traveller could pass through Ireland in those days without hearing such an account of Lough Derg as would make him deem all his labours worthless unless he should reach its mystic shore. Still less would it have been possible for a man of letters, especially an Italian *littérateur*, to be ignorant of a legend and unacquainted with a pilgrimage so renowned throughout Europe. Greater lakes no doubt there were, and lovelier sheets of water mirroring the Irish sky; but where in all the world was there a lake to compare in romantic and religious associations with that hid in the wilds of Tyrconnel and bearing on its bosom the rocky isle and its wondrous cave, "where penitential man his soul in life may save."

Not one of the pious legendary beliefs (to quote a writer who has made this subject a special study) which attained a universal popularity among the people of Christendom, was ever so popular or so

fearfully interesting as the legend of the purgatory of Ireland's patron saint. "The Purgatory of St. Patrick," he continues, "was the grand mediæval wonder and glory of the Christian world. Though Ireland had the fame of possessing such a place, the renown was not merely local—all Christendom were partakers in it as well. The renown of St. Patrick's Purgatory resembled that acquired by a famous battle-field, on which the combined nations of Europe had fought and conquered; for each nation could speak of it with pride and exultation, each having furnished heroes for the adventure—that perilous adventure surpassing mere mortal strife, in which men encountered demons in the dread realms of the infernal regions. Whatever Ireland may have been famous for at any period of her history, there can be no doubt that it never was so famous for anything as it was at one time for St. Patrick's Purgatory."*

Now, the story of the penitential cave had its origin in the early days of Christianity in Ireland; and, like the equally fascinating Celtic legends of the visions of Tundale, St. Fursey's journey through the regions beyond the grave, and the voyage of St. Brendan, were known on the Continent wherever Irish missionaries wandered or Irish schoolmen taught †

In the twelfth century the fame of St. Patrick's Purgatory received an extraordinary extension. Henry, a monk in the monastery of Saltry, in Huntingdonshire, fused the current legends into a consecutive narrative cast in Latin prose; and, in describing vividly and circumstantially the experiences of the knight Owen Miles, his vision of hell, his passage through purgatory, and his visit to the terrestrial paradise, produced a pious romance and a tale of adventure than which nothing could have better fallen in with the religious enthusiasm and chivalric disposition of the age in which he lived. The work of the monk of Saltry was popularised by translation into the vulgar tongues. One English and three French metrical versions soon appeared: the Anglo-Norman poetess, Marie de France, the Sappho of her age, relating the story in a poem of three thousand verses.

And, as if nothing were to be left undone to spread the fascinating history into every corner of Christendom, religious writers accorded to it a prominent place in their works, and thus gave it a currency which no other mode of publication could have so effectually secured. Cæsarius of Heisterbach directed attention in a very marked way to the mysterious island in Lough Derg, by recommending anyone who might have a misgiving as to the existence of purgatory to go to Ire-

* *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*, vols iv.-v., to which Mr. William Pinkerton contributed articles of rare interest on the subject of St. Patrick's Purgatory.

† "La tradition du Purgatoire de saint Patrice se rattaché aux premiers souvenirs du christianisme chez les Irlandais: la vision de Tundale, celle de saint Brendan, leur appartiennent aussi."—F. Ozanam: "*Les Sources Poétiques de Dante*."

land and enter the cave of St. Patrick, where his doubts would be expelled.* Jacobus de Voragine, whose *Golden Legend* is said to have been more frequently transcribed than any book except the Bible, did still more by relating, in the fiftieth chapter of his work, the experiences in the world of shades of a pilgrim to the island in Lough Derg.†

Historians in their turn found it necessary not to pass over the Purgatory of St. Patrick in whatever account they gave of Ireland. Giraldus Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, mentions, though in a garbled sort of way, the mysterious occurrences which made an island, or, as he says, islands, in a certain lake in Ulster terrible and glorious. Matthew Paris, in the succeeding century, relates the progress of a pilgrim through the purgatorial scenes and penitential pains to which a voluntary imprisonment in the cave was the introduction. And in the fourteenth century Froissart gives the story of the pilgrimage a prominent place in his *Chronicles*.

St. Patrick's Purgatory is introduced with great effect by a Florentine writer of the same age in the famous and popular romance of "*Guerrino il Meschino*." The hero of the tale, one of Charlemagne's knights, after going through extraordinary adventures in different parts of the world, is sent by the Pope to do penance for his sins in St. Patrick's cave. There he undergoes still more wonderful experiences in the land of shades, and is permitted to advance as far as the threshold of the terrestrial paradise, where he catches a glimpse of "the Emperor of heaven," surrounded by the full choir of angels.

Thus, wherever poetry was recited, or chronicles were perused, or sacred legends meditated, the story connected with that "insignificant islet in a dreary lake" was familiar as a household word. It was an enthralling tale to gentle and simple alike. However, the piety and romance of those days were not satisfied to be fed exclusively on charming recitals and quiescent musings. The spirit of the age impelled to action. A pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory came to be regarded as an undertaking worthy of the ambition of the most valiant knight, a penitential ordeal creditable to the piety of the austere devotee. Sin-laden mortals wended their way from distant lands to lay down their burden in the hallowed isle; gallant knights with their warlike retinue broke on the solitude of wood and hill with tramp of hoof and bugle call; lowlier palmers wore a path along

* "*Cæsarius of Heisterbach was a German religious of the Order of Cîteaux. He became a monk in 1198, in the valley of St. Peter, otherwise called Heisterbach, near the town of Bonn, in the diocese of Cologne, and did not die till nearly forty years afterwards. He wrote lives of Saints.*"—D. F. Mac Carthy: *Notes to his translation of Calderon's Dramas.*

† Jacobus de Voragine, Provincial of the Dominicans and Bishop of Genoa, was born about the year 1230.

Tyrconnel's wilds; the cowed monk toiled towards the lake with the accoutred soldier and the wool-clad rustic.

There can be little doubt that at a very early period after the first promulgation of the legend, many devout and adventurous foreigners adopted the advice of Cæsar of Heisterbach,* and took their way to Lough Derg to perform the purgatorial exercises approved by the guardians of the sanctuary. Remote as was the island of Hibernia in fact, and still more in idea, from the centres of European life, it was by no means inaccessible. French and Italian traders frequented its ports, and it is not improbable that oftentimes on board the merchant sail the pilgrims sped to Erin. Documentary evidence, however, cannot be cited in proof of the landing of these penitential visitants previous to the fourteenth century, the age of Fazio degli Uberti; but at that period, and thenceforth, such testimony is not wanting. About the middle of the century the arrival of a very distinguished pilgrim prince from Italy is chronicled. The event is thus narrated in Mr. Gilbert's "History of the Viceroy of Ireland":

"Among the archives of England are enrolled certificates, issued by Edward III., during the viceroyalty of St. Amand, declaring that Malatesta Ungaro of Rimini, and Nicolo de Beccaria of Ferrara, had performed pilgrimages to the famous Purgatory of St. Patrick, Lough Derg. Ungaro, Lord of Rimini, Fano, Pesano, and Fossombrone, was renowned in Italy for his warlike enterprises, his knowledge, and piety. 'Whereas,' wrote the King of England, 'Malatesta Ungaro, of Rimini, a nobleman and knight, hath presented himself before us, and declared that, travelling from his own country, he had with many bodily toils, visited the Purgatory of St. Patrick, in our land of Ireland, and for the space of a day and a night, as is the custom, remained therein enclosed, and now earnestly beseeches us that, for the confirmation of the truth thereof, we should grant him our royal letters: we, therefore, considering the dangers and perils of his pilgrimage, and although the assertion of such a noble might on this suffice, yet we are further certified thereof by letters from our trusty and beloved Almaric de St. Amand, knight, justiciary of Ireland, and from the prior and convent of the said purgatory, and others of great credit, as also by clear evidence, that the said nobleman had duly and courageously performed his pilgrimage; we have consequently thought worthy to give favourably unto him our royal authority concerning the same, to the end there may be no doubt made of the premised; and that the truth may more clearly appear, we have deemed proper to grant unto him these our letters, under our royal seal.' "†

* *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*, vol. iv.

† Mr. Gilbert gives in a note (p. 543) a passage from Muratori's *Annals of Italy* in which the last illness of the aged Malatesta, Lord of Rimini [A.D. 1364], is referred to

In the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*, and in "Lough Derg and its pilgrimages,"* we read of other strangers arriving from different parts of Europe about this time, with the object of visiting the famous shrine of penance in the north of Ireland. I pass on however, to a somewhat later date in the century, in order to give at greater length an idea of the difficulties and dangers which valorous travellers had to encounter betimes on the expedition. The visit referred to is mentioned in all the accounts of the Lough Derg pilgrimage, notably in Mr. Wright's important work. However, I prefer availing myself once more of Mr. Gilbert's labours, and take the following narrative from his "History of the Viceroy's."

In the reign of Richard II., the Viceroy De Mortimer was waited on in Dublin by Ramon, Viscount de Perellos, Señor de la Baronia de Seret, Knight of Rhodes, and chamberlain to King Richard's father-in-law, Charles VI. of France. "This nobleman," continues the author, "arrived with letters from the King of England for safe conduct to visit the Purgatory of St. Patrick, with a retinue of twenty men and thirty horses. Ramon had been in the army of Charles V. of France; became Master of the Horse to Juan of Aragon, where his estates lay, and that king gave him command of three galleys, which he sent to aid Clement VII. After the death of Clement, Ramon served Benedict VIII., until he determined, notwithstanding the papal dissuasion, to visit St. Patrick's Purgatory in Ireland, where he expected to learn intelligence of the fate of the soul of his beloved King Juan. He tells us that at Dublin he visited the Earl of March, King Richard's cousin, and Viceroy of Ireland, who, having perused the royal letters, received him very honourably; but endeavoured, with all his power, to dissuade him from persevering in an undertaking which he declared to be of the most perilous nature. As Ramon was not deterred by these representations, the viceroy despatched him to Drogheda, with letters to John de Colton, who, having distinguished himself in the service of England, had been promoted from the Deanery of St. Patrick's at Dublin to the Archbishopric of Armagh. De Colton also endeavoured to deter him from venturing

and a high testimony borne to the piety and good works by which such edification was given in his latter days.

The certificate given above is inscribed on the patent rolls in the Tower of London, under the year 1358.

* The author of this interesting monograph, the Rev. Daniel O'Connor, has collected an immense amount of information and traced the history of the pilgrimage from early times to our own day. This book will be found invaluable to those who desire to master the subject, and should be read in the same course with Mr. Wright's "St. Patrick's Purgatory," and Mr. Pinkerton's papers in the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*. Readers of the "IRISH MONTHLY" retain, no doubt, a very agreeable recollection of the Rev. John Healy's article on Lough Derg, which appeared in volume vi. of the Magazine (1878).

into the territories of the northern Irish; who had made serious inroads upon the See lands of the English Archbishops of Armagh. Ramon, persevering in his resolution, passed safely, as a pilgrim, into Donegal, where, with many others, on the same mission, he was, he records, loaded with gifts, and escorted safely to his destination by the native chiefs, whose ancestors, according to their legends, had come to Erin from his native land of Spain."

As an example of the attraction to St. Patrick's Purgatory experienced by a class very different from that of princes, knights, and soldiers, I must cite an instance of a Carthusian monk's temptation to pass the cloistral bounds and make his way to the cave in Ireland. It would appear that a certain Don John of the Certosa at Rome, conceived an extraordinary desire to perform this pilgrimage, and, not obtaining the sanction of his superiors for the undertaking, fell into a state of despondency. The visitor informed St. Catherine of Siena, who had many friends and correspondents among the Carthusians, of this occurrence, and probably asked the holy woman to give Don John some prudent counsel calculated to restore his peace of mind. Anyhow, the saint wrote the troubled monk a long letter, in which the virtue of obedience and the practice of patience are insisted on, pious fancies rated at a low figure in comparison with a just notion of things, and the would-be pilgrim made to understand by implication that he need not proceed to a cave in Ireland seeking that divine grace which he is more certain to find in the cloister and in the study of himself. "My dear son," says the saint in conclusion, "bow down your head in holy obedience, and remain in your cell embracing the tree of the most holy cross. Take good care (as you value the life of your soul and fear to displease Almighty God) that you do not follow your own will."*

From the various instances given above, it is easy to conclude that Ireland and her wondrous Purgatory were well-known and much spoken of in Italy during the fourteenth century. The influence of Celtic legend and romance on the literati and poets of the south of Europe might likewise be divined from the same facts. However, in this connection still more striking proofs are at hand. The study of Dante and his immortal work by diligent and reverential commentators has brought out in extraordinary relief the fact of the universal diffusion of the legends of which Erin was the nursing mother; and has revealed to the world of to-day the wealth and brilliance of that Celtic vein of romance which tintured perceptibly the literature of Europe in its dawn, seized the imagination of the great Florentine, and formed the groundwork of passages in his deathless song. No one can suppose that it derogates from the originality of Dante's

* This letter is numbered 201 in the edition of the "*Lettere di S. Catarina di Siena*," published at Florence in 1860.

genius that he should utilise the material gathered in the course of his universal reading, and embody in a supreme achievement the poetic fancies with which the mediæval mind was nurtured and delighted.* Homer collected together the fragmentary treasures of song and story dispersed among the Greeks; and Shakespeare appropriated and immortalised the fugitive stores which lay scattered around him in oral and in written lore.

Dante's own countrymen, as far as I am aware, took the initiative in that branch of inquiry which led up to the Celtic sources of the Divine Comedy. About sixty years ago, Francesco Cancelliere published in Rome his observations on the Originality of the Divine Comedy. Twenty or thirty years later French writers took up the theme: Frederic Ozanam treated the subject learnedly and charmingly in his work on Dante and the Catholic Philosophy of the thirteenth century, as well as in his interesting essay on the Poetic Sources of the Divine Comedy; and about the same time M. Labitte published a treatise on the Divine Comedy *before* Dante. German scholars, it is needless to say, have worked the same mine with that ardour and perseverance which distinguish their literary labours. Not many years ago, this subject was brought in a striking way under the notice of Irish readers in an article published in the *Nation*, October 30, 1869; which article, judging from its scholarly tone and poetic feeling, as well as from the special knowledge it displays, can hardly have been written by any other than the lamented Denis Florence Mac Carthy. The writer, having alluded to the Italian and Spanish accounts on which Calderon founded his drama of "The Purgatory of St. Patrick," thus continues:

"This famous legend of St. Patrick's Purgatory had produced in Italy, at an earlier period, much more important fruit than had sprung from it even in Spain; for it is not too much to say that without it the *Divina Commedia* of Dante would never have taken the form it did. As an interesting evidence of this we may mention that in 1865, when the fifth centenary of Dante's birthday was celebrated throughout Italy, one of the most remarkable contributions to the literature of the great poem that then appeared was a collection of the early legends that must have influenced Dante in the conception and treatment of the *Divina Commedia*. They were five in number; the three longest and most important being our Irish legends of St. Patrick's Purgatory,

* "The '*Divina Commedia*' is of Dante's writing; yet in truth it belongs to the ten Christian Centuries; only the finishing of it is Dante's. So always. The craftsman there, the smith with that metal of his, with these tools, with these cunning methods—how little of all he does is properly *his* work! All past inventive men work there with him: as indeed with all of us in all things. Dante is the spokesman of the Middle Ages; the Thought they lived by stands here, in everlasting music. These sublime ideas of his, terrible and beautiful, are the fruit of the Christian Meditation of all the good men who had gone before him."—Thomas Carlyle: "Heroes and Hero-Worship."

The Voyage of St. Brendan, and the Visions of Tundale. The title of this most interesting tract, of which but two hundred copies were printed, is as follows: *Antiche Leggende e Tradizioni che illustrano La Divina Commedia, precedute da alcune osservazioni di P. Villari, Pisa 1865.* Professor Villari, in his introductory remarks on Dante and Literature in Italy, refers thus to those three Irish legends: 'In questo periodo, l'Irlanda dimostra una singolare attivita, producendo quelle che son forse le tre leggende piu popolari del medio evo, e pigliano il nome appunto da tre Irlandesi S. Brandano, S. Patrizio, e Tundalo.' After giving a copious analysis of the three legends, which he subsequently prints in full from old Italian versions, he corroborates the opinion we have expressed as to their effect upon the imagination of Dante in the following passages: 'Troviamo molte scene, molte pene e molti personaggi, che hanno qualche relazione con quelli, che ci veugono poi descritti da Dante. La descrizione di Lucifero, che inspira ed aspira le anime ridotte prima, sotto il martellare di fabbri infernali, in una pasta simile a ferro fuso, e poi in favelle, e che pure non passon morire, ha qualche cosa di veramente Dantesco.'

Whatever Dante's indebtedness may have been to each of these legends respectively, one thing is certain: the great poet-theologian as the Vicomte de Villemarque observes, was nurtured on the morrow of the Celtic legends.* Poets of lesser magnitude were not unaware,

* See "La Legende Celtique et la Poesie des Cloitres." M. de Villemarque, speaking of the Voyage of St. Brendan, quotes M. Renan's opinion that this legend may justly be considered one of the most astonishing creations of the human intelligence, and that it is the completest expression of the Celtic ideal. A version of the Vision of Tundale was published in Edinburgh, in 1843, but the book is now so difficult to procure that it would be useless to refer readers to it. An abstract of the legendary narrative will be found in Mr. Wright's "St. Patrick's Purgatory." Tundale was a native of Cashel, and the history of his experiences in the regions beyond the grave is of an earlier date than that of the knight Owen's journey through Purgatory. Of a still more remote antiquity than that assigned to any one of the three legends referred to by Signor Villari is the story of the Vision of St. Fursey. This Vision is the earliest of all, for it belongs to the middle of the seventh century. It is undoubtedly of Irish origin. The Venerable Bede gives the life of the holy Abbot Fursey who "was found worthy to behold the choirs of angels and to hear the praises which are sung in heaven." The earlier years of the saint were passed in a monastery on the island of Inchiquin in Lough Corrib, the latter were devoted to missionary work among the Franks. He is revered to this day as patron of Lagny and Peronne. The Rev. S. Baring Gould, in his "Lives of the Saints," records the incidents of St. Fursey's life, but has not space for an account of the Vision which, he says, appears to have been the original of Dante's "*Divina Commedia*." The Rev. John O'Hanlon, in his "Lives of Irish Saints" (Vol. I.), relates the history of St. Fursey in its various and interesting particulars and gives the celebrated Vision in all its details. The author thinks there can scarcely be a doubt entertained that the Vision of St. Fursey furnished Dante in a great measure with the idea and plan of his divine poem; even various passages, he remarks, of the "*Divina Commedia*" seem drawn from St.

as we may well suppose, of the mine of precious ore embedded in the Celtic legends. At any rate, it would be difficult to believe that Fazio degli Uberti knew anything of Ireland, and yet remained in ignorance of St. Patrick's Purgatory; or that having set foot in this "kingdom of the zephyrs," he departed hence without visiting the famous cave by which many had entered the precincts of the invisible world, and round which a multitude of repentant sinners less courageous or aspiring, had gone through the austere course prescribed, got rid of their remorse, and soothed their contrite pain.

But now the question was, how to get an opportunity of making acquaintance with the *Dittamondo*. No library in Dublin possesses the work except the library of Trinity College, where there is a copy, not so much preserved as actually buried alive, together with other sumptuously-bound first editions of Italian classics. The extraordinary conditions under which the precious tomes forming the Quin collection were bequeathed to the University have already been alluded to in the "*IRISH MONTHLY*."* Suffice it here to remark that I could not dream of applying for permission, under existing circumstances, to pore over the four-hundred-years-old type, bristling with errors, in search of the pages relating to Ireland; nor could I ask anyone of my acquaintance, young or old, to do so for me. It would be easier to buy the book even at an extravagant price. Quaritch's catalogues were therefore referred to; and it turned out, that although copies of the first editions and manuscripts on vellum, in various states of preservation, and at prices varying from twenty-five shillings to twenty-five pounds, were to be found in catalogues not many years old, the work had disappeared from later lists. Still, the poem had been reprinted twice in the nineteenth century—at Venice in 1820, and at Milan in 1826. Would it not be possible to find a copy of one or another of these modern issues? Old bookshops in Dublin were ransacked, foreign booksellers in London applied to, advertisements tried—all to no effect. A gleam of hope shone forth when Lord Charlemont, in the summer of 1882, presented to the Royal Irish Academy a number of manuscript volumes, containing original literary works of his illustrious grandfather, among them being "An Essay towards the History of Italian Poetry attempted in translated specimens of the more noted classical poets from Dante to Metastasio, inclusively." Surely, I

Fursey's *Vision*, for the coincidences are too striking to be fortuitous; and furthermore, he gives, to the great satisfaction of the reader, a number of these passages, sometimes in Cary's and sometimes in Longfellow's translation. The learned annotator of *Cambrensis Eversus*, the Rev. Matthew Kelly, does not indicate any one of these legends as more connected than the rest with Dante's glorious work, but he alludes in general terms to the great number of *Visions* originally published in Ireland, thence circulated over the Continent, and at length immortalised by Dante in his *Divine Comedy*.

* Vol. x., p. 356.

thought, we shall find *Fazio degli Uberti on Ireland* done into English by the patriot earl, who had owned a copy of the Dittamondo. Here again, however, hope lead on to disappointment only.

At length, a gentleman setting out for Italy last autumn kindly undertook to search Milan for a copy of the Dittamondo—"ridotto a buona lezione"—published there fifty-seven years ago. The first news I heard from the Lombard city was to the effect that the principal publishers had been applied to, but that they appeared to have no knowledge of the edition specified, or at best, knew just so much of it as to be quite certain that a copy could not be procured for love or money. Our traveller, remembering how Mr. Rooney and Mr. Traynor of Dublin can come to the aid of gentlemen in want of old books, bethought him of inquiring whether there might not be someone in Milan whose specialty lay in old books, and who might be willing to dispose of his treasures to the curious in such matters. In reply he received the address of a collector answering to this description. Forthwith, following the clue he had obtained, he found himself in the street where stands the Ospedale Maggiore, with its sumptuously ornamented front—the glory of terra cotta workmanship. Up and down he looked for some appearance of an old book-shop; but, finding not the slightest indication of name, signboard, or establishment, he sought the assistance of a passer-by, who directed him to enter a mansion right opposite the hospital. Within he found no shop, certainly, but a spacious apartment like a chamber in an ancient palace, the floor encumbered with piles of books and manuscripts, and the walls lined with presses containing similar treasures. In the midst sat an old man, the monarch of all he surveyed. "Had he a copy of the Dittamondo?" "*Sì*—that he had; one that would enchant the signor—rare, precious, perfectly lovely!" And his eyes brightened as he proudly laid open a venerable volume before his visitor, and gave him to understand that for the insignificant sum of fifty lire he was at liberty to carry off the prize. "But," said the stranger from *l'Ultima Irlanda*, observing the old type of the "lovely volume," and remembering that unless the reading of the Dittamondo were "made easy" its perusal might be an impossibility. "But I do not want anything so valuable. What I am looking for is a copy of the poem printed in this city within the present century." The surprise and contempt expressed by the antiquary's attitude and countenance were inimitable. "I have not the book you require," said he; "it can be had for three or four lire." "Well, then," replied the traveller, "if you have the goodness to bring it to me to-morrow morning, I shall gladly pay five lire for the acquisition." Next day, just as our friend was preparing to set out for Verona, the old book-collector made his appearance with the new Dittamondo (now of a respectable age) in his hand, and was gratefully presented with the promised lire.

In due course, the long-sought-for *Dittamondo* reached its destination. It is a large 16mo of 520 pages, excellently printed on paper not too fine, embellished with a portrait of the author, and enclosed in a paper cover the colour of brick-dust. The volume forms number 179 of the "*Biblioteca Scelta di Opere Italiane antiche e moderne*," was printed at the *Tipografia Silvestri*, Milan, and published on the 1st day of February, 1826. To all appearance the copy had never been opened from the day it issued from the press. Without any difficulty—for a table of contents graces this edition—I discovered the part relating to Ireland. And there, to my satisfaction, I found St. Patrick's Purgatory occupying ten out of the twenty-six verses devoted to our Land of the West. The author having given more than three chapters to a description of England, with its inhabitants, its wonders, and its history, proceeds to Scotland, which region he dismisses in four verses of somewhat uncomplimentary epithets. Then he goes on to say:—

"In like manner we passed into Ireland, a country worthy of great fame amongst us for the beautiful serges that she sends us. Hibernia there awaits and invites us; and although the voyage is attended with danger, our desire to reach the shore vanquishes prudence. Winds from various points, bellowing and whistling, lash the waves upon the coast strewn with reefs and sandbanks.

"Though the inhabitants seem wild and the country is rugged with mountains, yet nevertheless it is a pleasant land to those who make acquaintance with it. Here are great pastures rich with grass, and the soil is so fruitful that Ceres holds none of her arts in reserve. A mild temperature prevails, as in spring-time, refreshing the land with limpid springs and beautiful rivers.

"Here I saw lakes of various natures, one of which attracted me so much that my wistful eyes take delight in it still. They say that if a stick is thrust into it, the part in the ground speedily turns into iron, that in the water changes to stone, while the portion projecting above the wave suffers no alteration but remains in its original condition. Another lake I saw totally different: a wand of horn when stuck in it becomes an ash tree.

"Again, we came to a little island in which no one can die. As soon as an inhabitant is about to pass away he flings himself out of it. Moreover, there are remote caverns where no flesh corrupts, so tempered is the pervading air.

"I found that the people have flesh meat and various fruits for food, while for drink they have an unfailing supply of milk.

"Thus, exploring the distant parts of the country and making inquiries on the way, we got information concerning a certain very holy and devout monastery. Thither we betook ourselves, and there

were hospitably received. The good monks conducted us to the cave which makes the blessed Patrick so famous.

“‘What shall we do?’ said my beloved counsellor to me. ‘Do you wish to pass within? You are so anxious to fathom the meaning of everything new and strange!’

“‘No,’ I replied, ‘I will not enter without the advice of the monks; for it is terrible to me to think of penetrating to the very depths of hell.’

“Thereupon one of the monks answered: ‘If you do not feel yourself pure and clean, resolute and full of faith, you cannot be sure of returning should you enter.’

“And I said: ‘If you can, satisfy me on this point: rumours are afloat through the world concerning many who have come back from those torments.’

“To which he replied: ‘With regard to Patrick and Nicholas, there can be no doubt whatever that they went in and returned by this entrance. As for the others, I cannot venture to say that one in a hundred may not have the reputation of having made the descent. But I do not know one for certain.’

“Solinus broke in: ‘Put away this idea and do not tempt your God. It would be a grievous thing if anyone were to perish here. It is enough for us to carry on our researches above ground.’

“‘You are quite right,’ said the monk. And then, departing, we bade farewell to the community whom we left behind.

“In this manner, traversing mountains, valleys, and grassy plains, we met those native tribes who love hunting beyond every other pursuit.

“Pearls, agates, and various metals are to be found in this country, and also assasagos which have this peculiar property, that when placed in the sun they form a rainbow.

“The island is about 120 miles in length, and takes its name from the Hibernian Ocean.” (Lib. iv. cap. xxvi.)

It is pleasant to turn from the crude literalness of the above rendering, to the easy flow of the fourteenth century verse.

“Similmente passammo in Irlanda,
 La qual fra noi è degna di gran fama
 Per le nobili saje che ci manda.
 Ibernica ora qui ci aspetta e chiama,
 E benchè il navigar là sia con rischio,
 La ragion fu qui vinta dalla brama.
 Diversi venti con mugghi e con fischio
 Soffiavan per quel mar, andando a piaggia,
 Lo qual di sassi e di gran scogli è mischio.
 Questa gente benchè sembri selvaggia,
 E per gli monti la contrada acerba,
 Nondimeno ella è dolce a chi l'assaggia.

Quivi son gran pasture piene d'erba,
E la terre è sì buona, che Cerera
Niente dell' arte sua mostrar si serba.
Quivi par sempre come in primavera
Un aere temperato, che gli appaghi
Con chiari fonti e con bella rivera.
Quivi di più nature vidi laghi,
Uno fra gli altri è che sì mi contenta,
Che ancor diletto n'han gli occhi miei vaghi.
Dico, se un legno vi flechi, diventa
In breve ferro quanto ne sta in terra,
E pietra ciò che l'acqua bagna e tenta.
La parte, che di sopra l'aere serra,
Dalla natura sua non cambia verso,
Ma tal qual, vi si mette se ne afferra.
Un altro v'è, che vidi assai diverso,
Che qual vi pon di corno una verghetta,
Frassino poi diventa, ed e converso.
Ancora vi trovainmo un' isoletta
Là dove l'uomo mai morir non puote,
Ma quando in transir sta, fuor se ne getta.
E sonvi ancora caverne rimote,
Dove alcun corpo non corrompe mai,
Sì temperata l'aere vi percuote.
Carne e frutte diverse poi trovai,
Ch'han per lo cibo, e latte hanno per poto,
Del quale senza fallo n'hanno assai.
Così cercando il paese remoto
E domandando, ci fu dato indizio
D'un monister molto santo e devoto.
Là ci traemmo, e là fu il nostro ospizio,
Poi que' buon frati al pozzo ne menaro,
Lo qual dà fama al beato Patrizio.
Quivi mi disse il mio consiglio caro :
Che farem noi? Vuo' tu passar qui entro,
Chè d'ogni novità cerchi esser chiaro?
Sanza il consiglio, rispos'io, non ci entro,
Di questi frati; chè troppo m'è scuro
Pensar cercar l'Inferno fino al centro.
E l'un rispose a me: Se netto e puro,
Costante e pien di fede non ti senti,
Se v' entri, del tornar non ti assecuri.
Ed io: Se puoi, qui fa che mi contenti;
Fama di molti per lo mondo vola,
Che son tornati da questi tormenti.
Ed egli: Di Patrizio, e di Nicola
E manifesto, senza dubbio alcuno,
Che si cald e tornò per questa gola.
Degli altri ti so dir che di cento uno
Che porti fama di ciò qui non passa;
Ed io per certo non ne so niuno.
Solino disse: Questo pensier lassa,
E non volere il tuo Signor tentare;
Tristo sarei, se alcun qui mai trapassa:

Basta a noi quel di sopra ricercare.
 Tu dici ben, diss' egli : e qui dai frati
 Preso commiato, li lassammo stare.
 Così passando monti, valli e prati,
 Trovammo qui le genti, che vi stanno,
 Più che ad altro lavoro, al cacciar dati.
 Perle, gagate e assai metalli vi hanno,
 E assassagos, la cui natura è propria,
 Che posti al sole l'arco del ciel fanno.
 L'Isola per lunghezza vi si copia
 Da cento venti miglia, e il nome ad essa,
 Quel d'Ibèrno oceàno, vi si appropia."

And now, I may ask, does it occur to anyone to consider whether in all this there is a tittle of evidence that Fazio degli Uberti actually set foot on the Irish shore. I confess I have my doubts as to his having done more 'han pass through the island in the company of his guide and counsellor, Solinus, in the same sense that Dante traversed regions of the other world under the escort of Virgil. In the first place, he did not begin his wanderings until late in life, as Villani points out, and as he himself indicates in a passage of the *Dittamondo*, where he says (Lib. ii. cap. xxxi.):

"E bench' il tempo è tardo,
 Mosso mi son per veder peregrino
 Del mondo quant' l' Sol n' ha in suo riguardo."

He cannot possibly have visited all the countries he describes in his poem; and it is improbable that he attempted the isle lying at the furthest extremity of the world. Too far advanced in life to undertake a pilgrimage to the Purgatory of St. Patrick in the fashion of a hardy wayfarer, he certainly was not rich enough to journey to the wilds of Ulster with a troop of horses and attendants in the style affected by his noble compatriots. Moreover, there is in his description of the country and its inhabitants a want of those realistic touches which characterise a picture studied from the life, and which are not wanting in some other parts of the cosmography. All that he says of Ireland had already been said in books accessible to students of his time and nation, and certain to be consulted by so diligent a reader as the author of the *Dittamondo*.

Solinus,* for example, would inform him of the dangerous nature of the sea raging between Britain and Hibernia, "so stormy and restless throughout the year as to be navigable on very few days;" would describe for him the extreme fertility of the soil, "rich to such a degree that the cattle had from time to time to be driven off the

* Caius Julius Solinus, a Roman geographer, flourished in the third century of the Christian era. His "Polyhistor" was translated into English by Arthur Golding in 1587.

pasture lands lest they should be injured by over-feeding;" and would likewise support the assertion that the inhabitants were rude in their habits: which opinion, however, the Venerable Bede and other authorities would help to modify. Bede, moreover, would satisfy him of the salubrity of the climate and the abundant produce of milk, fish, fowl, and venison; while Giraldus Cambrensis would give him an idea of the copious water supply of a country where "pools and lakes are to be found even on the summits of lofty and steep mountains."

As for the extraordinary properties of certain lakes, the story of the island where no one can die, and the places where no flesh corrupts, all these marvels were in wide circulation long before Fazio's time. He does no more than relate in a cut-and-dry way what earlier writers invested with ampler details and more picturesque colouring under the title of "The Wonders of Ireland."* In what he says of the holy and devout monastery under whose guardianship the "Island of Purgatory" was placed, he closely adheres to the written account of the pilgrimage. So far from being encouraged to penetrate into another world, penitents were exhorted not to attempt so much. Leave had to be obtained from the bishop of the diocese (or, as some say, from the "Archbishop of Ireland") as well as from the prior, before any one was permitted to enter the purgatorial cave. The Nicholas named with Patrick as having undoubtedly reappeared after a visit to the other world, is evidently the pilgrim whose experiences are related in the Golden Legend.

However, though the author of the Dittamondo tells us nothing new about ourselves, his description of Ireland is extremely interesting, as showing what figure we made in the eyes of Europe five hundred years ago. And for my own part I must say that if, on opening the old poem, I found no allusion to the famous cave in Donegal, I should have been disconcerted, amazed, and racked with historic doubts.

* Speaking of the MIRABILIA URBS ROMÆ, Ampère says: "Une classe nombreuse de livres portait ce nom (MIRABILLA) au moyen âge; il y avait les *Merveilles de l'Orient*, les *Merveilles de l'Irlande*, les *Merveilles du Monde*. And Campion, writing in the sixteenth century, makes the following observation bearing on this point: "Every History of Ireland that I have seene, maketh one severall title, *De Mirabilibus Hiberniæ*, and therein with long processe treateth of severall Ilands, some full of Angels, some full of devils, some for male only, some for female, some where poore may live, some where none can dye: finally, such effects of waters, stones, trees, and trinkets, that a man would vveene them to be but heedlesse and uncertain tales by their complexion."

THE EMPTY NEST.

BY HELEN D. TAINTER.

OUT in the meadow, up in a tree,
 There was a nest with birdlings three.
 Over the mother the leaves were spread,
 Making a canopy for her head;
 And over all the blue sky so clear,
 Surely no storm-cloud would ever appear.
 Oh ! how that mother was proud and gay,
 Hark ! how she sings through the summer day.

Down in the cottage, under the tree,
 There is a home with birdlings three,
 But they all have golden hair,
 And run about in the open air,
 Out in the meadow for daisies fair,
 And to seek the golden buttercup rare.
 Oh ! how that mother was proud and gay,
 Hark ! how she sings through the summer day.

In the meadow one day a gust of rain
 Brought to one tiny bosom pain :
 The little nest was empty and bare,
 And the bird-mother grieving there ;
 All her darlings dead and gone,
 What could she do, poor bird, but mourn ?
 Where was the mother proud and gay ?—
 Ah ! what a dreary autumn day !

Down in the cottage under the tree,
 God hath taken one of the three ;
 The mother kissed the face so white,
 And wept as she said the last " Good-night."
 " God hath taken our darling bright,
 To dwell in his everlasting light."
 Where was the mother proud and gay ?—
 Ah ! how she sobbed through the autumn day !

TWO DUBLIN HOSPITALS—ST. VINCENT'S AND ST. JOSEPH'S

THE oldest and the youngest of the Catholic hospitals of the Irish metropolis, which are both under the care of the Irish Sisters of Charity, have lately celebrated two important dates in their respective careers. We who are accustomed to the position occupied nowadays by Catholic men and Catholic institutions are unable to understand the magnificent audacity that was displayed by Mary Aikenhead fifty years ago, in opening as our first Catholic hospital such a house on such a site as St. Vincent's, Stephen's-green. The festivities of January 23rd, 1884, in honour of the Golden Jubilee of this glorious work, have been described in the *Weekly Register* in one of those "Dublin Letters" which frequently contain passages that one grudges to a newspaper. What newspaper correspondent could describe so graphically the magnifying effect of the microscope, as a single phrase sets it before us, towards the middle of the following account?

"In the morning High Mass was sung by the Bishop Auxiliary in the presence of the Cardinal Archbishop, attended by the Chapter of the Cathedral. The music for the occasion was exceedingly well rendered by the blind choir from the Asylum for the Blind at Merrion, one of the many noble institutions carried on by the Sisters of Charity. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Edward Kelly, S.J., Rector of Clongowes, who eloquently pointed out the immense good effected for the poor by the holy alliance of charity and science. Sketching rapidly the more prominent members of the Order, who had succeeded the foundress, Mrs. Aikenhead, and also the eminent medical men who had given their talents to the service of God's poor—O'Ferrall, O'Brien Bellingham, O'Leary, Cryan—he gave testimony in glowing terms to the great work at present being done within the hospital walls. In the afternoon the medical officers of the institution gave a very interesting *conversazione* to many hundreds of their friends and of the supporters of the hospital. All the great rooms, corridors, and staircases of the beautiful old house, formerly the residence of the Earl of Meath, were thrown open to the guests, and decorated with flowers and plants from the gardens of the Blind Asylum, and with wonderful scrolls and emblems, religious and national, artistically wrought in flowers and colours on the wall. In the fabrication and mounting of the latter the patients of the hospital had assisted, a convalescent carpenter having been found exceedingly useful for the occasion. Altogether Lord Meath's late reception-rooms, with their richly sculptured ceilings, brown polished floors, and conventual simplicity of arrangements, had put on a festive air which for the moment pushed

the idea of pain and sickness completely into the background, and restored the old days, when a brilliant world assembled within those walls at the bidding of a noble host. Here the world had indeed come into the cloisters, and appeared greatly delighted with the unique entertainment provided for it by those who court no enjoyment for themselves except the luxury of doing good. In the old dining-room of Westmeath House (as it was called in former days) refreshments were served, and the staircases and corridors were alive with visitors hurrying thence to the drawing-room, where a concert was going forward, or to one or other of the apartments where various amusements were provided. Here a phonograph was talking and singing, there the microscope was transforming a cobweb of lace into a fishing-net stout enough to gladden the heart of a storm-despoiled Claddagh fisherman; while in another room marvels of electricity delighted an astonished audience. From a retired room at the end of a corridor the benevolent Sisters of Charity enjoyed the festivity in their own way, peeping out occasionally, like children at a show, receiving a few friends who had discerned them in their retreat, or coming forth when requested to assist and direct, or to conduct visitors up the richly sculptured staircase (what sumptuous homes Irish noblemen have unwittingly built for God's poor!) to the cheerful home-like hospital wards where the patients who were well enough to see visitors enjoyed the *fête* more, perhaps, than any others who took part in it. In one bed lay a woman who had been among the first patients in the hospital when newly established fifty years ago. Then a girl of fourteen, she was suffering from hip disease, and after long care was cured. Now a grandmother, and afflicted with rheumatism, she again finds her pains assuaged by the same tender hands which she then kissed in gratitude—literally the same, for still of the band of devoted women who tend the hospital is an aged lady who was the special nurse of the youthful patient of half-a-century ago. I have dwelt so long on this peculiarly Irish festival because it is significant of the progress of the Catholic cause in Catholic Ireland. One present remarked, looking round on the assembly, 'Curious to think that fifty years ago so many respectable Catholics—even Catholics fit to be seen—could hardly have been found in Dublin!' 'You must remember,' replied another, 'that those fifty years exactly represent the lifetime of Catholic Emancipation.' The Irish Sisters of Charity (who include many devoted English Sisters among their number) must be congratulated on the joyous and successful celebration of the Golden Jubilee of their perfectly-conducted Hospital of St Vincent, which is only one among the many noble institutions sustained by the keen intelligence of their womanly brains, the service of their untiring hands, and, above all, the grace of God called down by the saintliness of their lives."

On the evening of this festive day, at a brilliant concert given in

honour of this occasion at Dr. Mapother's house in Merrion-square, a fine poem of considerable length was read, which with many skilful varieties of metre told the story of St. Vincent's. We fear that few of the fashionable audience appreciated the subtle device of the poet, who, when the connection between Richard Dalton Williams and the Hospital came to be alluded to in turn, suddenly adopted the measure of his "Adieu to Innisfail." Though this beautiful ode will of course be published as a graceful souvenir of St. Vincent's jubilee of gold, we venture to give the opening invocation which is cast in the mould of a sonnet and links together ingeniously the site, the patron, and the sisterhood:

"O thou whose aid I impetrate and choose
Beyond the fabled succour of the Nine,
Come, lend my words thy energy divine,
Into their feebleness thy strength infuse.
Sweet Charity! be thou thyself the muse,
Thine is the tale—then be the telling thine;
Speak as thou listest through these lips of mine.
Thou canst do everything, except refuse.

And you, great Saints! one first divinely fired
To give your life for Him who died for man;
And one whom equal charity inspired
A code of living martyrdom to plan:
Stephen and Vincent! join with Charity,
And fitting laureates of St. Vincent's be."

Fifty years is a vast space of time in our poor notions, covering many a sufficiently long human life. Ten years is a period more manageable, more within our grasp. St. Vincent's celebrates the completion of its first half century, St. Joseph's the completion of its first decade. It is significant of many things that the youngest and one of the most beautiful churches of Dublin, and the youngest and most interesting of her hospitals, are dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, and the service of his most helpless creatures under the invocation of the glorious, powerful, and most amiable Foster Father of Jesus.

St. Joseph's Hospital for Sick Children needs no introduction to the readers of this Magazine. Our very first number contained a long article about "Our Big House and Our Tiny Bulletin." The Big House in Buckingham-street, was opened in 1872, chiefly through the exertions of a benevolent and energetic lady, Mrs. Woodlock, whose name must never lose its place of honour in the early annals of St. Joseph's. When the stability of the work was ensured by being confided to the Irish Sisters of Charity, its home was soon transferred to Upper Temple-street. Our readers, as we have said, have been constantly reminded by an interesting monthly report in our advertis-

ing columns, and in other ways, of the good work that has gone on steadily month by month all these years. Seeing that the average sojourn of each little patient is a little over thirty days, how many souls have been influenced for time and eternity by the tender care taken of so many fragile tenements of clay.

On Sunday, February 3rd, 1884, a gathering of the friends of the Institution was convened in the empty drawingroom of the large house next to St. Joseph's present abode, recently purchased as an addition to the Hospital, both houses together forming a large detached block of buildings admirably adapted for the sacred purposes to which they are henceforth dedicated. Let us again borrow the language of the Dublin correspondent on whom we have already drawn so largely. The new house is a fine one, with large rooms easily convertible into delightful wards for small patients in cribs; but at present its only furniture consists of an old sofa and some feathers! The meeting was well attended, and among the speakers were clergy, doctors, Members of Parliament, and Queen's Counsel, who all vied with each other in drawing touching pictures of the sufferings of the sick and neglected children of the poor, and in making generous and most consoling promises of help towards the extending and general furthering of the noble work of the Sisters of Charity. Considerable amusement appeared to have been excited by the mention on the cards of invitation that no collection was to be made on the occasion of the meeting. The Cardinal Archbishop, in a humorous speech, made allusion to this, saying it reminded him of the story of a little girl who brought a present to a rich lady who was sometimes good to her mother. The lady said, "Stay, my child, till I give you something for this." "Oh, no, ma'am," said the little maiden, "I won't have anything now, for my mother says she expects ten times as much another time."

We trust that our readers, some of them perhaps in obedience to an inspiration which God will send them by means of these lines that we are now writing, will enroll themselves in the list of the benefactors of St. Joseph's Hospital, if their names are not already contained in that extract from the Book of Life. If so, they will doubtless have an opportunity of perusing what we listened to on Sunday, February 3rd. Here we shall only take two representative speakers, a priest and a layman. In moving the adoption of the Report, Father Nicholas Walsh, S.J., said, after a pleasant introduction:—

"It ought not, indeed, to be difficult to say a few words in strong natural and supernatural sympathy with an institution like this; nor is the man to be envied who could refuse that sympathy. Children have always been objects not merely interesting and attractive, but delicately sacred and doubly sacred when disease, sorrow, and suffering, so out of harmony with innocence and childhood, claim them as their own. There cling to my memory some singularly striking sayings of an old pagan: 'Reverence,' he says, 'to children as to heaven is due. The house where children dwell is a sacred place.' In the fulness of time, the fulness of grace came, and this was

brought to us by a Child—a Child around whose cradle the prophecies of four thousand years echoed, prophecies which sang not only of an innocence and beauty above all the children of men, but also of grief, sorrow, and suffering greater than child of man ever bore. From this Divine Child of pure innocence and pure suffering, and from his Church, for ever goes forth a grace, a virtue, a power which elevates, supernaturalises, and makes meritorious all that is naturally good in man, and amongst these, that reverence and sacredness with which the pagan, using right reason and natural feeling, invested children and childhood. You know well the anxious interest which this Divine Child of innocence and suffering took in children, above all, in the least of his little ones, the suffering children of the poor. He noticed them in a marked way, He sharply rebuked those who would keep children from Him; He caressed and blessed them, He protected them through all time by those words, sharp as a double-edged sword, fierce as fire, in which He denounced the man who would do them harm, and won for them through all time hosts of friends by those emphatic promises of great eternal rewards to all who would see Him in the least of the little ones and love them for love of Him.

“But more, this grace, thoughtful and active about suffering innocence, He pours and keeps living and working in his Church. Of this the Institution in which we are assembled is proof and evidence. Nothing more beautiful, nothing that impresses more those outside her fold, than the all-embracing charity of the Church of Christ—a charity which leaves out, forgets, neglects no form of sorrow or suffering. In her charity extremes meet. On last Sunday crowds flocked to a church hard by, and opened generously their hearts and their purses, in response to a most graceful and eloquent appeal in favour of black, degraded sinners who had run away from the arms and heart of our Lord; and to-day we are gathered together to do our best, according to our opportunities and means, for innocent sufferers who never left Him.

“Let me conclude with a story, an inspired story which we all read long ago, not without feeling, perhaps tears, for it is unequalled in tenderness and pathos: the story of Hagar and her boy. Cast out with her boy, she wandered in the wilderness. When her small store of bread and water were spent, she placed her boy under a tree and went her way and sat over against him a great way off, for she said, ‘I will not see my boy die,’ and lifting up her voice she wept, and God heard the voice of the boy, and the angel of God called to Hagar, saying: ‘Arise, take up the boy and hold him by the hand, for I will make him a great nation.’ Mark well, the great sufferer here is the mother. The boy was most probably faint, or asleep, or perhaps looking about wildly and crying for his mother. It was the poor mother who wept, who lifted up her voice, who prayed with a breaking heart; and yet it is the boy who first and most engages God’s sympathy—‘God heard the voice of the boy,’—it was the boy who called first and most into action this sympathy, ‘Arise, take up the boy.’ The mother had her own sins, and the natural heritage of sin is woe. She had had her trials, and had been taught by experience how to bear them; and the sun of her life was setting. But the boy, young, innocent, and suffering, in the very morning of life, with great capabilities in the future, if taken by good, kind hands to be well directed and formed—the boy was God’s first thought and concern.

“When suffering comes to us, we can all say: ‘I have sinned and I have not been punished as I deserved.’ But suffering in the innocent carries us back to the great fall which makes us all akin, and should make us alleviate such suffering with a brother’s sympathy, elevated and intensified by Christian charity and love.

“Let us, according to our opportunities and means, help to make the good Sisters, who conduct this Institution so admirably, the hands of God to take up poor, suffering, innocent children. The charity is great, the motives are many. These children bring a double weight of responsibility to poor parents. Some are deformed in limb, and this, if not looked to, will make them useless all their lives; others are touched by some

disease which requires that time, care, and expense which the poor parents cannot give. The motives are many—the delightful pleasure of doing, or helping to do, such charity, the natural and supernatural attractiveness of suffering innocence, above all, the likeness suffering children bear to our Lord who has made them his most special representatives in this world, and who will reward—generously, as He knows how, you and me and all who see Him in them, and who charitably look to them, or help others to do so, for love of Him.”

Of the lay advocacy of this holy cause we can only give the conclusion of the speech delivered by Mr. Richard P. Carton, Q.C.

“ Amongst the many charitable institutions which are the pride and ornament of our city, I think I may claim for the Children’s Hospital a special tenderness of its own. The time of childhood is so naturally one of merriment, of happiness, and of hope, that the pain, and sickness, and sorrows of childhood carry with them, from their very incongruity, a singular and touching pathos. Father Walsh, in the eloquent speech to which we have just listened, laid a Roman poet under contribution. Let me make a modern novelist illustrate my subject for me. I was vividly reminded by what I have seen and heard here to-day of the beautiful scene which has been drawn for us by the same gifted hand that drew ‘Nell’ and ‘Tiny Tim,’ and ‘Little Paul Dombey.’ I refer to the scene in ‘Our Mutual Friend,’ where ‘Our Johnny,’ in an hospital like this, and in a room such as one of those we may see inside, makes his will and bequeaths to the mite with the broken leg in the little bed beside him all his worldly possessions, consisting of a Noah’s ark, a yellow bird with an artificial voice in him, a noble steed, and a man in the Guards. It is difficult to read the page which describes that scene with dry eyes or a heart unmoved. And yet here every day may be seen scenes similar in their nature, and yet with this great difference :—Here disease, and deformity, and suffering are not dressed out with literary skill in painful aspect and poetic garb to raise a sympathy merely sentimental; here the disease is not simulated, here the pain is not feigned, here the deformities are too real. But here, thanks to those for whom I ask your thanks to-day, the best medical and surgical skill and knowledge our city can boast of, the watchful and gentle and loving care of the Sisters who have made this Hospital their own, are daily and nightly given to so many stricken little ones. Here that skill and knowledge and loving care are exerted to bring back the roses to the faded little cheeks and the lustre to the dimmed little eyes, to restore strength and shapeliness to the broken and deformed limb, and to make the little patients strong and able to face the hard battle of their after-lives. And if, as must sometimes be the case, the disease is too strong or the injury too great, and human watchfulness and human skill cannot ward off the visit of the angel of death, the same loving and gentle care prepares the little sufferer for the approach of the dread yet happy moment when

“ ‘Two angels issue where but one went in.’ ”

TWO INTERPRETERS.

BY ETHEL TANE.

CLEAR in your eyes
A story lies ;
Beloved, I cannot but read it !
Between your lips
A secret slips,
For silence may nothing impede it.

Your hair turns gray,
And day by day
I fancy the wrinkles seem deeper ;
What then blooms on
Through years so long
Like the fabled beautiful sleeper ?

I ask your eyes,
Their glance replies :
They are tender and deep as ever.
All deathless Truth
You saw in youth
Has faded away from you never

Those visions fair
Of Here and There,
The dear earth and ecstatic heaven—
Have fled you not
Through noontide hot,
And rest with you still in the even.

And yet your life
Has been a strife
With much that is tedious and grating ;
Not always sure
Could you endure
With sweetness the wearisome waiting.

So life's long drought
 Has marked your mouth
 In lines that are something too rigid ;
 I almost fear
 Those lips severe
 Compressed with an air so frigid.

But one shy look
 In that other book,
 And I read all the double story—
 The harassing strife
 Of a tempted life—
 Your ideal's unchanging glory !

THE O'CONNELL LETTERS.

PART XVII.

DR. MURRAY OF MAYNOOTH, THOMAS MOORE, &c.

THAT quaint old saint and *savant*, Dr. Callan of Maynooth, was wont to pick holes very acutely in the proofs of various mathematical propositions propounded by his pupils and to show clearly that they were not conclusive. When the baffled pupil was anxious to bring forward some new argument and attempted to make the transition by the phrase, "*Besides, Sir,*" Dr. Callan would say: "Indeed you need not say '*besides,*' for that implies that you have brought forward some proof already, and you have not."

We were about to head this paper with the words "More of O'Connell's Letters," but Dr. Callan's objection occurred to us, as we have not hitherto given much of the *Liberator's* own correspondence. We have indeed several of his letters to publish; but naturally among his papers are chiefly found the letters addressed to him.

We should have hesitated about publishing the following very interesting letter, if Sir Charles Gavan Duffy had not himself mentioned in "*Young Ireland*" that complaints of the religious tone of some of the *Nation* writers were made to O'Connell by a Maynooth professor

who before and afterwards was the personal friend of the brilliant young Editor of that famous journal.

"MAYNOOTH COLLEGE,
"March 26, 1843.

"HONOURED AND BELOVED SIR,

"I know not whether I should offer any apology for the liberty I take in writing this letter to you. Indeed, I think I should not, for you are too good a Catholic to think any apology necessary from a Catholic priest for writing to you upon a subject which he believes to be of some importance to the interests of Ireland, and above all of CATHOLIC Ireland.

"I wish to direct your attention to a letter which appeared in the *Nation* of March 25 (yesterday), page 376, on the subject of the *Dublin Review*, and to the undisguised *spirit* which that letter manifests.

"Before I go further, however, I think it right that you should know that this letter is written by one who is, and has always been, your ardent and uncompromising admirer and well-wisher. I think it right you should know this '*in limine*,' hoping you will thus listen with greater confidence to what I have to say. I can refer you to proofs which will demonstrate the sincerity of these, my professions, even were you disposed to doubt thereof. I enclose a copy of verses which I wrote nearly three years ago, and sent privately—as I did some others of a similar kind—to the editor of the *Vindicator*. Luckily, I preserved the paper containing these. The poetry is very poor—and no wonder, for it was written amid dusty tomes, but the feeling is that of a sincere friend. I wrote them at a time when I did not imagine I would ever become known to you personally, or in any other way; when I did not dream of the possibility of my having the honour of writing to you upon this or any other subject; when I had no other prompter but my own cordial Irish-Catholic feeling. I might refer you also to one of the very few *light* articles I wrote for the *Dublin Review*—the article on "Moore's Poetry and Prose" in the number for May, 1841. The article is, perhaps, too laudatory; but Moore is the author of the Melodies, and that ought not to be forgotten to him, notwithstanding all his faults, and, alas! he has faults. You will see what were my feelings towards you from nearly every page of that article. I might refer especially to pages 430, 436, 439, and the last paragraph. I refer to these for no other purpose than that you may know that this letter is written, not by a masked and pretended, but by a sincere friend, who has no motive to flatter or to praise, but the honest conviction of his own mind, the genuine impulse of his heart.

"I am sure you will, on reading the letter I refer to in the *Nation*, and the milk-and-water comment on it, see the most false, and unfair,

and malignant spirit manifested towards the *Dublin Review*. The objections of the letter-writer may be reduced to four—1st, that he *Review* is written by Saxons; 2nd, that it is printed in London; 3rd, that it is anti-Irish and anti-Liberal in its articles; 4th, that it is fanatical in its religious principles.

“Now, as to the *first*, I myself write as often as I can for it. The heavy pressure of my duties here, and the delicacy of my health, prevents me from writing as often as I could wish. I am not at liberty to mention the names of others; but I can say in a *private* letter to you, that there are two others of our professors constant contributors: one of them* writes an article for each number, and frequently two articles for one number. I know three other Irish and most respectable and talented priests, and one of them, at least, an out-and-out Repealer (I cannot speak positively of the other two), who write frequently, I might say are regular contributors. I know, also, two or three other Irish Catholic laymen who write literary articles for it frequently. I need not mention one, at least, whom you know yourself. It is true Dr. Wiseman and Dr. Lingard write for it, the former constantly. Just look at the concluding paragraph of Dr Wiseman's article in the last number, on the persecution of the Russian Church; why, it looks like nothing so much as an extract from one of your own speeches—I don't think there is much Saxon in that! Nothing but a malignant anxiety to find fault could have induced the correspondent of the *Nation* to say that the *Dublin Review* was contributed to by Saxons only. If there are Englishmen writing for it, they are those whom Irishmen (however strong their national antipathy) may be proud to have as fellow-labourers. When you denounce the Saxon, I am sure it is not such Saxons as him who wrote the paragraph I have alluded to you have in your eye. Dr. Wiseman may have his own private opinions on political matters (though, as far as I know, and I know something of the matter, he does not pay any attention at all to political affairs); but until he publishes them, and appears openly as a political character, he is, surely, entitled to the reverence and esteem that is due to a Catholic bishop (so learned, so eloquent, such a champion of the faith) in every quarter of the globe wherever the banner of Catholicity floats, whether the harp of Erin be emblazoned thereon or not.

“As to the *second*. Everyone who knows anything of such matters, and who is not stone blind from prejudice, must know that if the *Review* were published only in Dublin, or depending (as things are) upon the contributions of Irish writers *only*, it would not stand for six months (a good argument, perhaps, for Repeal).

* This was the late President, Dr. Charles William Russell, who from the third Number of the *Dublin Review* for more than twenty years contributed to every Number without exception, and frequently more than two articles to each.—*Ed. I. M.*

"As to the *third*. Up to the point of open repeal, I think the *Review* is thoroughly Irish. There are but few political papers in it of late (and, perhaps, so much the better). It is hardly possible for the *Review* to touch upon politics without offending some section of its supporters. If it professes Repeal, it would lose the English support, without which it would infallibly go down; if it spoke against Repeal, it would lose (and most justly lose) the Irish support. For my part, if it took up an anti-repeal tone, I would not write a line for it more. The only question, then, can be, is it better for the *Review* to cease at once to exist, or to go on as it is, in the sphere of literature, science, theology, history, &c—the only Catholic advocate we have of the kind against the swarm of monthly and quarterly periodicals that vomit out an eternal stream of blasphemy and slander in every corner of the land, as bad as anything in your own *beloved Times*—*vide*, as a specimen, the article on 'Borrow's Bible in Spain' in the last (February) number of the *Edinburgh Review* (the Liberal Edinburgh!). My advice, then, to the editor was to avoid political topics, unless those (and of course there are many such) on which all true Catholics agree, and to be cautious of the political articles he received, unless (and I specified this) those which came from your beloved son, the member for Kilkenny, or some like sure quarter. It would be desirable that the *Review* would take a higher tone in politics; but better even such as it is than to have no such periodical at all. You are for instalments when you *cannot* get the whole.

"As to the one or two passages which the editor of the *Nation* (very insidiously, I think) points out, as if such were fair specimens of the general spirit of the *Review*, the passage on Lord Shrewsbury and yourself (in the end of the twenty-third number) is not after all so very bad. It is to be regretted that such a passage appeared. But why should this be taken out, and held forth, and harped upon? Surely no work is infallible, or should be judged by occasional slips and faults, which in such work as reviews—indeed, in any work—it is not always possible to avoid. The editor, I believe, admitted the passage alluded to without adverting to the offence it might give. I wrote to him after its appearance an indignant remonstrance: and certainly I must say that in his reply to me (which, if I had kept it, I would have no difficulty in sending to you) he spoke of you in the kindest terms, and expressed his regret that anything should appear in the *Review* that would be calculated to give you or any of your admirers the smallest offence, and expressed to me his firm determination to watch in future, and prevent the recurrence of any such passages, or of anything against your great political views, especially on the Repeal. I think your name has been always mentioned in the *Review* in terms which your warmest admirers could not complain of. This I do know,

that a paper was offered to him not many months ago by a writer of well-known abilities, in which the Repeal or some other of your political movements were spoken of without due respect, and the editor rejected the paper indignantly, which was the cause of a break-up between him and the writer, who was, by the way, no Saxon, but an Irish Catholic layman. As to the article on the temperance movement, no such insult as the *Nation* speaks of was contained or implied in it. This is a pure fiction of the *Nation's* own.

"As to the *fourth*. You have no doubt read some of the articles written by Drs. Wiseman and Lingard on theological topics in the *Review*, or some very poor articles by myself, the last of which was in the number of November last, against 'Palmer on Satisfaction.' There is certainly no very intolerant tone in any of these. And, as to the articles by Dr. Wiseman (though afterwards republished by the Catholic Institute), I will undertake to say that I have never read any thing in old or modern theologians so solid against the High-Church views as these same articles, as far as they go. Gracious heavens! only think of a person calling himself a Catholic denouncing as 'fanatical' and 'bigoted' dissertations written by a Catholic bishop and by doctors and professors of theology in defence of our most holy faith, and in a tone of decency, and I will say meekness, and this, too, at a time in a country where the anointed priests of God (it is a beautiful phrase in your mouth) are denounced as demons, jugglers, nuisances, surpliced ruffians, &c., &c., and the holy sacrifice of the Mass, our devotion to the Mother of our God, all that is most holy in our eyes are ridiculed, blasphemed, called idolatry, superstition, trickery to deceive the people, &c. &c. &c. I am an Irishman; I think I love my country. I would not be an admirer of yours, I would not write this letter to you, if I did not. Yet I would rather see Ireland once more fettered by the penal code, I would rather see the days again return when a price would be set upon my own head the same as upon a wolf's, than that the base and *infidel* spirit that breathes in that letter to the *Nation* should grow up among the people of Ireland. We do not now require to hide our doctrines under a bushel: and why should not the *Dublin Review* have the same liberty of explaining and defending them firmly which the Protestant press takes of assailing them fiercely, and misrepresenting them? 'The purpose of the *Dublin Review*' (says the correspondent of the *Nation*) 'is to forward theology, not freedom.' As if to forward theology were a matter for censure and suppression and not for praise and support: as if to forward theology were not to forward freedom. Read, honoured sir, the last sentence but one of the letter in the *Nation*. The writer talks of the creed of Robertson and Burns—Robertson, the lying historian, the bosom-friend of Hume and other infidels, an infidel himself, the slanderer, the abominable slanderer, of everything Catholic. Burns, a beautiful song

writer, but a fellow who had just as much of a religious creed as Rousseau or Bayle—a vile drunkard, to boot—pretty name for a teetotaler to eulogise! And as for the title of ‘qualified paganism’ by which the reviewer (who, by the way, is a Scotch advocate, a convert, and who, therefore, knew from experience what he was talking about) designates the Presbyterians of Scotland, why, it is a qualified paganism, and the demon spirit of Calvin and John Knox lives in it to this day, and flows in its veins, and beats in its heart—if it has a heart. What is the spirit of the *Edinburgh Review* but infidel? What is the spirit of all their great writers (and I have read many of them) but infidel? And if the reviewer believed all this, why should he not call a spade a spade? I admit that it would not perhaps suit for you, for instance, to use such terms in addressing the people, because it is not your object or your business to denounce religious errors as such; but the reviewer was writing on the subject, and he used the term that best conveyed his mind. Be assured this brace of ‘qualified pagans’ who write to the *Nation* would, if they dared, speak of your immortal letters to the Wesleyan Methodists in the same terms in which they speak of the *Dublin Review*. I will say more—and I speak the sentiments of more than myself—that there are traces distinct enough of an infidel pen in that same *Nation*. It was not to-day or yesterday I noticed this: I perceived it almost from the commencement of that paper, and this it was which prevented me from becoming a subscriber to it. I know Mr. Duffy, and I believe him to be an excellent and worthy man; but I more than fear that there is a cloven foot among his colleagues.

“I did not think I needed an apology for writing to you; but I certainly do owe an apology for writing so much. The great pressure of my occupations here will not allow me time to transcribe and condense what I have said; but I trust you will understand me, rough and entangled as is the shape, or rather *misshape* into which I have cast my thought. I think you would pardon more than this in an Irish priest.

“But why do I write to you, honoured sir, on this topic? I will tell you. It is because I wish that the *Dublin Review* should be kept up as a bulwark (such as it is) against the tremendous assaults which the infidel (I will not call it Protestant), impure, anti-Irish, anti-Catholic press of these countries is making in every form against the Church of Ireland—the Mother which I love with the love of a child. And I think it most important that you should know the power for good which that periodical would have if its merits were known to the Irish people, and that you should know how false, how insidious are the sneers and the attacks made against it, such as those in the *Nation*. In the next number, please God, I mean to have an article (which I have already half-written), the first of a series, in which I mean to exhibit in its true colours the incredibly anti-Catholic spirit of our literature,

periodical and other, especially in reference to Ireland. I commence it with an extract from your own "Memoir." I begin with the article I referred to in the *Edinburgh Review*. I shall then proceed with Hall's 'Ireland,' Carleton's 'Traits and Stories,' &c. &c.

"You are working out your high destiny for the moral and political regeneration of your land, and they who are trying to keep the popular mind in the excitement of the great struggle pure and free from the poison of the immoral principles which aims at slaying the soul while the body is being freed—they should be allowed to pursue their silent and holy work without being snapped at, chattered at, and barked at by masked infidels, or jealous and pretended friends.

"But I must conclude. Again I must crave your indulgence for the length to which this letter has run. When I began, I did not think it would go beyond a sheet. I have marked it '*private*,' and I wish you would burn it as soon as you read it. My reasons for this I am sure you will at once guess. You have not more staunch and ardent friends in the world than the professors of this college. We cannot, of course appear in public as political characters, or speak our sentiments publicly on some points, partly (besides other reasons) because the agitation produced by the public discussion of the politics of the day would take off the minds of the students from study, and disturb that repose and concentration of mind which are necessary for the prosecution of theological study. But of what our sentiments are you have the very best proof in the answer to the question—Who are the most devoted friends and supporters of O'Connell, those who study in Maynooth or elsewhere?

"I have the honour to be,

"Respected and revered sir,

"Your most devoted servant,

"P. A. MURRAY,

"*Professor of Theology, Maynooth College.*

"P.S.—If you were to notice in one of your speeches the *Dublin Review*, and justify its principles and the tone it takes, you would certainly serve the good cause which the *Review* itself is designed to promote. This, of course, might be done in the same way as you spoke of the works of Carleton, Maxwell, &c. I did not intend to make this suggestion: it struck me since I wrote the above. I may also mention (to show that I have no personal interest in the *Review*), that I ask nothing for what I write, nor the other professors here who write for it, beyond what they may have to spare, which — [the five or six concluding words are torn off, and indeed the whole sheet has almost crumbled to pieces].

On referring to "Young Ireland" (First Edition, page 613), we find that Sir Charles Duffy speaks, not of a communication made to O'Connell himself, but to a letter written under the signature of "An

Irish Priest" to the *Weekly Register*, not the journal of that name still extant, which was afterwards founded by Mr. Henry Wilberforce, but an off-shoot of *The Morning Register*. Sir C. G. Duffy writes:—"At the beginning of the Federal Controversy, a professor of Maynooth, who certainly had no share in the conspiracy (against the *Nation*), for he was open and bold, and quite incapable of baseness of any sort, wrote a pseudonymous letter to one of the national journals, complaining of the dangerously loose and un-Catholic tone in the writing of the *Nation*. . . . I answered him in the same journal not unsuccessfully; and the controversy left us personal friends. He proved, indeed, in later times of difficulty and peril a friend worthy to have been won on a generous field of battle."

The name of Thomas Moore occurs in the foregoing letter. We have already printed an unpublished letter of the poet to the Liberator. Here is another, referring to the proposal from the people of Limerick that he should become their representative in Parliament. Readers of Gerald Griffin's "Life," so well told by his brother Dr. Daniel Griffin, will remember the visit paid by the young poet to the old poet as part of a Limerick deputation on this occasion.

"SLOPERTON, DEVON.

November 26, 1832.

"MY DEAR O'CONNELL,

"I have seen, and I assure you with the sincerest gratitude, the warmth with which you have taken up my cause at Limerick, but, alas! my resolution is fixed, and not even *your* word (which would seem, like Joshua's, to be able to command far greater luminaries than I can pretend to be) has now the power to change it. You have seen, I doubt not, some of my letters on the subject, and, particularly that addressed to the Limerick Union, which ought to have been before now laid before them. By the decision expressed in those letters I must, I grieve to say, abide, much as it goes to my heart to disappoint not only myself but those hearty and admirable fellows who have shown such kindness to me. Dr. Griffin told me that you meant to write to me, and I have let some posts pass since his letter reached me, in the hopes of hearing from you. But this was more lest I should be thought wanting in courtesy or gratitude than from any idea that what you had to say would have any effect upon my determination. Never have I had so much reason to regret my poverty as in its depriving me of the chance of serving Ireland at this crisis.

"Yours, my dear O'Connell,

"Most truly,

"THOMAS MOORE."

WHAT THE YEARS HOLD.

BY EDWARD HARDING.

WHERE high above the river's way
 The great house rises gaunt and gray,
 And flowers in quaint old gardens blow,
 And mossy trees with fruits are laden,
 A maiden lived, and long ago
 I dearly loved that maiden.

Ah, long ago ! when years were young,
 And hearts on half-heard whispers hung,
 When, watching oft the sunny stream
 Its pathway through the valley taking.
 I thought my life a golden dream
 And feared an early waking.

And now ? Well, now in other lands
 The maid a smiling matron stands ;
 Around her at the porch to-night
 A group of happy children hover ;
 And, as I come, her eyes grow bright,
 As when I was her lover.

NEW BOOKS.

IF we were able to devote our entire space to an attempt at giving a fair account of all the books which each month submits to our notice, it would be easy to fill all our pages ; but we are bound, in addition to criticism, to make room for fiction, poetry, biography, and miscellaneous essays. Even the most minute and accurate account of a good book is a poor substitute for the book itself. Authors, no doubt, attach importance to the quantity as well as to the quality of the critiques of their works ; and the warmest and most judicious praise, if condensed into a few lines, would hardly satisfy them. Yet, after all, a great many of the lengthened and elaborate reviews are little better than a convenient species of padding—an easy method of filling

up the vacuum that nature and editors abhor. The intelligent reader is helped to form a sufficiently good guess at the character of a book when he is told its name, subject, extent, author, and publisher, with a brief expression of opinion as to its merit from an impartial and (let us hope) intelligent critic.

For instance, readers of antiquarian and ecclesiastical tastes will know at once how amply those tastes will be gratified by the perusal of the second volume of the "Transactions of the Ossory Archæological Society." It contains papers contributed by the following members of the Society from the year 1880 to 1883: Rev. N. Murphy, P.P., Rev. M. Comerford, P.P., Mr. John Hogan, and the present Mayor of Limerick, Mr. Maurice Lenihan. We trust that other priests in various corners of Ireland are doing for the parishes in which they are interested what Father Comerford has done for Killeigh, Naas, Killeslin, and many other places. But the larger and more important part of these "Transactions" is contributed by Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory, whom we ought, perhaps, to style Archbishop Designate of Sydney. Of the three hundred erudite pages which give accounts of the Bishops of Ossory from Donat O'Fogarty in 1152 to Dr. James Dunne in 1758, just one half is devoted to Dr. David Rothe and the events with which he was connected at the exciting epoch of the Irish Confederation. We may interpolate here a paragraph from the *Weekly Register*, while we express a hope that the event which suggested the publication of these particulars at the present moment will not prevent the learned prelate from fulfilling his promise by continuing the succession of Ossory bishops on to himself:

The Most Rev. Patrick Francis Moran, D.D., was born at Leighlinbridge, county Carlow, Ireland, September 16, 1830, and was educated at the Irish College of St. Agatha, Rome, where he was appointed Vice-President of the College in 1856 and Professor of Hebrew in the College of Propaganda. Returning to Ireland in 1866, he was private secretary to His Eminence Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin; was consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Ossory on March 5, 1872; and succeeded a few months later to that See.

Dr. Moran has laboured diligently to promote the study of Irish history and antiquities. Among other works he has published:—"Memoir of the Most Rev. Oliver Plunket," 1861; "Essays on the Origin, &c., of the Early Irish Church," 1864 "History of the Catholic Archbishops of Dublin," 1864; "Historical Sketch of the Persecutions, &c., under Cromwell and the Puritans," 1865; "Acta S. Brendani," 1872; 'Monasticon Hibernicum,' 1873; "Spicilegium Ossoriense, being a Collection of Documents to illustrate the History of the Irish Church from the Reformation to the year 1800," 1874. (2nd Series, 1878.) "Irish Saints in Great Britain," 1882.

In the month of October, 1882, was celebrated, with special solemn-

nity, at Salamanca, the Tercentenary of the death of St. Theresa. One of the honours paid to the glorious Virgin of Avila was a sort of literary tournament, in which champions from various other countries took part. The prize for English poetry was adjudged to our contributor, Miss Cassie M. O'Hara. Her poem has been published (R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster-row, London) in a neat little volume, the silver medal awarded being very skilfully engraved on the outside covers. As the poem, which is a very winning abridgment of the saint's life, is sure to be welcomed by her devout clients, we must not spoil their pleasure by stealing any passages from it. The diploma of the Spanish committee is in itself a work of art. In the margin are medallion portraits of the chief helpers of St. Theresa in her arduous and glorious career; and we are proud to see "S.J." appended to so many of these names: Balthasar Alvarez, Martin Gutierrez, Francis Ribera, Jerome Ripalda.

The generous but just praise which the Rev. C. P. Meehan in one of his very learned and entertaining notes bestows on Archdeacon O'Rorke for his "*History of Ballysadare*," has been earned in far larger measure by himself through his life-long devotion to the history and literature of Ireland. His latest contribution is a second edition of one of his earliest, so completely altered, and improved, as to form a new work. It is "*The Life and Death of Dr. Kirwan, Bishop of Killala*," by John Lynch, Archdeacon of Tuam, best known as the author of "*Cambrensis Eversus*." Father Meehan gives, on opposite pages, the Latin original and his own English version, both excellent in style. Yet we consider the Introduction, Notes, and Appendix the most interesting portions of the works. We hope to call attention hereafter to some of the more curious facts contained in this handsome little quarto, with the sacred ruins of Moyne and Roserk gilt upon its covers. The Author rightly says that the paper, typography, and binding do credit to the eminent firm of Duffy & Sons, now half a century old, whose devotional and national publications are found throughout the universe wherever a Catholic altar or an Irish home exists.

The remarks with which we began the present batch of notes on New Books are specially true of professional publications like the "*Handbook of the Law and Practice in Sales from Landlord to Tenant in Ireland*," by George Fottrell, Junr., and John George Fottrell, solicitors (M. H. Gill & Son). Mr. G. Fottrell's well-known pre-eminence as a practical authority on these matters, and the great success of his previous works on kindred subjects, dispense with any attempt at anything beyond this very external and superficial criticism.

"*The Scholar's Note-book for Home Lessons*" (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son) will enable a pupil to take down the lessons for a week in

less time and more clearly than he could note a day's lessons without its aid. The blank at the end of each day might contain the initials of other branches of study not represented here.

Among the books recently published by Mr. Robert Washbourne, Paternoster-row, London, we can only mention a tragedy by M. Quinn, "Mary Queen of Scots;" and "Ethelreda: a True Tale for the Young," by "Betty." We must return again to two much more important works sent to us by the same publisher—"The Life of St. Mildred, Abbess of Minster, in Thanet;" and "For Better, not for Worse," by the Rev. Langton George Vere. We wish the Author of the first would let his name be known, instead of calling himself "A Lay Tertiary of St. Francis." We use the masculine gender, because this lay tertiary is evidently at home with the *Acta Sanctorum* and other tomes in the learned languages: though, indeed, this is a rash conclusion to draw in these days, when so great and learned a work as "Christian Schools and Scholars" is written by a woman. The biographer of St. Mildred has displayed marvellous diligence in poring over every manuscript, and exploring every scene connected with her memory. St. Mildred, whose feast is kept in at least two favoured spots on the 13th of July, ought to reward her client well for so beautiful a tribute of filial devotion.*

Whatever faults may be found with "For Better, not For Worse," by the Rev. Langton George Vere, dulness is not one of them. It is cleverly written, and full of incident. Indeed, the villain of the story, Laura Mapleson, is too sensational, and we should have liked her part toned down a good deal. Besides all the holy lessons that it insinuates or inculcates, "For Better, not For Worse," even as a mere tale, has special merit, far above the average of religious tales, of which generally the best that can be said is that they do no harm, and that they represent several days' wages for sundry worthy artisans.

Leaving till next month some new publications of Messrs. Richardson, Burns & Oates, &c., we must not fail to announce in time for St. Patrick's month a new "Novena of St. Patrick (for Irishmen)" by the Rev. Arthur Ryan, of St. Patrick's College, Thurles. It is most original, spirited, and attractive, very pointed and very practical, and is sure to be popular when it comes to be known. The subjects of the nine pithy meditations are St. Patrick's prayers, his humility, his penance, his love of souls, his love of the Church, his courage, his energy, his love of Ireland, and lastly, his feast-day. Then follows a very earnest and pious prayer to St. Patrick, and then a new and taking hymn, music for which is given here. Father Ryan's "Novena of St. Patrick (for Irishmen)" ought to have a large and constant sale as year by year St. Patrick's Day comes round.

* "THE IRISH MONTHLY" in January, 1879, gave high praise to a work by the same accomplished writer, "The Life of Father Benvenuto Bambozzi," an Italian Franciscan of our own time.

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. have published, but only just as we go to press, a fine octavo, containing "Occasional Papers and Addresses," by Lord O'Hagan.

"The Maynooth College Calendar" for the current academic year (Browne & Nolan, Dublin) possesses high literary interest; for besides the catalogues of students, &c., and the announcements of various academic arrangements—which concern only the college microcosm, not so very small a world in itself—appendices of great value are contributed by the Rev. Dr. Healy, Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment, by the Rev. John Gunn, and especially by the President, Dr. Walsh, to whom we are, no doubt, indebted for the copious biographical notes appended to the list of Presidents, which notes, indeed, form already a precious instalment of a work much desired—a History of Maynooth College.

We have before called attention to the exquisite little booklet, beautiful without and within, in which "F. R. C." has translated with loving skill the *Manuale Parvulorum* of Thomas à Kempis. We trust the translator will fulfil the further promises made in the graceful dedication to his children. This tiny tome is one of the choicest products of the Sackville-street publishing house.

The League of the Cross Magazine holds on its course bravely. One of its most attractive features is a little story bearing on the important object for which this little penny Magazine has been established. The first of these was written by the accomplished novelist who only allows herself to be known as "Theo Gift." The story in the February part is by Miss Rosa Mulholland, and the scene lies chiefly in St. Joseph's Hospital for Children, in Temple-street, Dublin, to which several of our own pages are devoted in an earlier part of our present Number. It is announced that the story in the March Number—which is to be exceptionally large and exceptionally good in honour of St. Patrick—will be contributed by Mrs. Charles Martin, so well known to our own readers by many graceful tales and descriptive papers and to the vast novel-reading world of Mudie's and Morrow's clients by "Petite's Romance," "Two Loves," and other pleasant volumes. We specially commend the *League of the Cross Magazine* for its verse. It has as yet given only one piece, but that is very fresh and original. The poet ought to take some other name than "Abstinencia."

As this is St. Joseph's month, we must say one word about his *Messenger*. His contributor, "M. S. P.," is most successful in the art of "chatting with children."

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